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delude oneself about the matter and put off having it done. International finance is in need of a good vigorous overhauling, and a mere tinkering with its problems will in the long run spare no one and save nothing.

ONE of the reasons why Mr. Lloyd George was in such a tearing hurry to get the Genoa conference going, is being made abundantly clear by the result of recent English by-elections. Within one week three of Mr. George's candidates have been beaten at the polls. Labour has won two seats, Clayton and North Camberwell, and an Independent Liberal captured the Bodmin division of Cornwall. Analysis of the vote shows a very high turnover against the Government. It is obviously necessary for Mr. George to do something strenuous and striking in order to keep his head above water, and to do it in record time. All this is very educative. It is one of the most encouraging and hopeful developments of our time, that politicians have to make their moves so rapidly and in such quick succession that each and every move disillusiones and educates great numbers of people. If they were not so hard pressed, if they had time to be judiciously deliberate, they could still count on the saving intervals of forgetfulness on the part of the electorate. But time is against them; they have to keep hopping from one conference to another and from one issue to another so rapidly that the people are inevitably "put wise" to them, as our slang goes, by the very vehemence of their inconsistency. Every public-spirited person, therefore, ought to applaud their efforts and encourage them by every means to redouble their agility.

THE New York papers of last week contain a rather striking example of the application of what may be called the journalistic mind and conscience to the treatment of news. An insinuating and persuasive broker is reported to have talked eleven women, "some prominent socially," out of an aggregate sum of nearly \$700,000, by the shop-worn device of pretending to have inside information. The papers treat this bit of news in such a way as to give the impression that these women are proper objects of sympathy. The inference is clear that if by some means or other the broker had been able to make his absurd pretensions good, and his clients had reaped the exorbitant profits that he promised them for their little flyer in sure-thing gambling, these women would have been proper objects of congratulation. The reader may draw his own conclusions and his own moral.

CURRENT COMMENT.

At last accounts, the French and British Premiers composed their little differences at a meeting on Saturday, 25 February, near Boulogne. It took them only four hours, which fact recalls the proverb that a short horse is soon curried. The official statement given out after the meeting reports the customary "complete understanding" and the invariable assurance that "there are no difficulties of a political character that stand in the way of the two nations working together." For which the Lord be praised! Beyond this, one may say of the statement as John Bright did of Artemus Ward's lecture in London, that "the information it contained was meagre, and imparted in a desultory manner." One tolerably interesting item was that the Premiers had come to an understanding about the Genoa conference, and that this august assembly is now put on schedule for 10 April. Its press-agents in this country will have a considerable handicap on account of the opening of the baseball season about that time. We had our doubts about the conference being held in March, and we are even now none too sure that the expected treat will come off in April. We hope, however, that nothing will interfere with it, because we have a mild interest in seeing what will take place.

It seems to us that M. Louis Loucheur should be commended for his candour in announcing a policy of bankruptcy for France. It is true that he laid himself open to the *tu quoque*, because if France can not afford to pay her debt to the United States, she ought to be able to see that Germany can not afford to pay the indemnity which France demands. Probably M. Loucheur is as well aware that Germany is unable to pay as he is that France is unable to pay. If so, it is a pity that he did not mention it. We think it is high time that somebody began to face this matter of international obligations with some degree of seriousness, approaching them from a point of view upon the world as a whole. For our part, as we have often said, we should like to see the whole mass of obligations scrapped—national debts as well as international—and a brand-new start made. We do not deny that this would produce a deal of disturbance and suffering, but not as much, we think, as the aggregate of distress caused by a policy of paltering and procrastination. There is no real gain in postponing the extraction of a bad tooth, though it is natural enough to

WHILE on the subject of editorializing the news, we might add that the very finest specimen which has come to our notice since the war, occurs by a curious coincidence in the issue of the New York Times for Washington's Birthday. In a special dispatch from Chicago, purporting to be a straight piece of reporting on the Farmer-Labour conference, we have this gem: "Letters were read to show that the condition of the farmer is the 'most serious in recent years,' but no mention was made of the fact that recent advances in grain-prices have added many millions to the wealth of farmers who still have the bulk of their crops." We take pleasure in inviting the attention of the schools of journalism to this interesting exhibit, and suggest that they use it as a text from which to expound one very considerable part of a reporter's duty and a news-editor's responsibility.

WE wonder if some of our readers are disposed to find fault with us when we attempt to show that "the realization of nationality" and the progress of political democracy have promoted, and are likely to promote still further, the development of governmental activity, as it manifests itself in paternalism at home and imperialism abroad. The theory may be quite worthless, but it happens to fit in very nicely with the news that comes out of Czecho-Slovakia. According to the *Gazette de Prague*, the Czecho-Slovak Parliament undertook last year to provide public support for house-building, to extend the functions of factory-inspectors in Slovakia, to secure the payment of wages to miners on holidays, to grant credits to tradesmen who suffered loss or damage during the war, to increase the scale of payments to workers under the Accident Insurance Act, to improve the legislation relative to unemployment-pay, to establish factory-councils and to regulate the participation of mine-workers in the management of the industry, and in the division of its profits.

THIS is a pretty generous crop of paternalist activities; but how about imperialism? Well, we have already called attention to the fact that the "national State" of Czecho-Slovakia includes within its frontiers large areas populated by people who are not Czecho-Slovaks. This ought not to be news to anybody, but perhaps it is; at any rate, we take pleasure in referring all incredulous persons to the excellent maps in Mr. Isaiah Bowman's volume, "The New World," for information on this question and others of a like nature. However, the matter in which we are particularly interested at the moment is the report, originating in London, that the Allies may designate the Czecho-Slovak State as the "guardian" of Austria. The word has a fine sound, but as nearly as we can make out, the position of Czecho-Slovakia in Austria would be very much like that of Great Britain in Egypt, or the United States in Santo Domingo. The Czechs have recently advanced certain moneys to the Austrians; and now, says the dispatch, "the scheme, as reported, would make Czecho-Slovakia a sort of overlord of Austria, *standing as the latter's best friend* and securing a preferential position in a political and commercial sense." The italics are ours; they prepare the reader naturally for the following: "Under one of the conventions, it is said, the Czechs would be at liberty to send troops into Austria to maintain order in the event of internal disturbances." This is fine; it takes us all the way back to the days when Austria monopolized the business of paternalism and imperialism in those parts, and managed, in spite of internal disturbances among the Czechs, to maintain herself for a considerable period in the position of Bohemia's best friend.

THE incomparable difficulty of every attempt to think things through, and to direct human actions to human ends, is nicely illustrated in two statements which have recently come before us. In the first of these pronouncements, the Assistant Secretary General of the Chinese delegation at the arms-conference does all that one man can do to abolish the hope that in the unhurried East the machine may yet become the servant of man, and not his master. With the go-gettiveness of the Chambers of Commerce and of the busy, dizzy Rotarian, Mr. Tsao catalogues the new machine-industries of China, and then says that if the man-power of China's 400 million people can be "harnessed to the yoke of modern life" and directed to peaceful production, "it will mean untold blessings to mankind." The other statement describes the plans of the "Autonomous Industrial Colony Kuzbas," an organization of American engineers and workingmen who propose to take over and operate, under an arrangement with the Soviet Government, the mines and industrial plants in the Kuznets Basin in Siberia, and a large steel-mill in the Ural mountains. In these regions, in pre-war days, a considerable proportion of the population had already been "harnessed to the yoke of modern life"; the number of people on the treadmill in Russia

was increasing every year, just as it is in China, and yet somehow the Russians did not realize all those blessings which Mr. Tsao thinks should flow automatically from the development of industry. In this age of machinery, the production of goods in abundance is a simple matter, so far as technique is concerned. Indeed we think it could be shown that at all ages, men have been able to do this sort of thing well enough to support a part of their number in luxury. In Russia to-day, an attempt is being made at the solution of a problem of immeasurably greater difficulty; and there, as in China, and for that matter in the United States, the hope of the future lies not so much in more machines, as in the humane use of such machines and materials as are already at hand.

ALTHOUGH the idea that the king can do no wrong is generally regarded nowadays as a piece of foolishness, some of our courts have undertaken recently to set up the equally idiotic proposition that an unrecognized Government can do no good. In the cases of which we are thinking, the matters at issue were, first, the right of the Mexican Government and the Russian Government to bring suit, and second, the liability of the Russian Government to be sued. In their wisdom, the judges denied the right and affirmed the liability; thus apparently taking the position that an unrecognized Government may inflict injury, but sustain none, that it may commit wrongs which require redress, but may not on any account initiate an action for redress of wrongs. Evidently, then the courts have dropped the fiction that unrecognized Governments do not exist, in favour of the feeble fiction that they exist only to do evil. This in itself is a step in the right direction, for it shows up the policy of non-recognition, or partial recognition, for what it actually is—not a policy of passive neutrality, but a policy of active hostility. The act of recognition does not involve the granting of favours which may be rightfully withheld, but the removal of disabilities which may not be rightfully imposed. Indeed it appears to us that the sole requisite for the practice of a genuine neutrality in these matters is the disposition to recognize, without prejudice, *that which is*.

It begins to look as if American labour-organizations are out to follow in the footsteps of British labour without being over-particular about first stopping to consider whither these footsteps lead. The agreement recently concluded between the officials of the organized miners, railwaymen and longshoremen has all the earmarks of an embryo Triple Alliance, and promises to be about as effectual as its English prototype has proved itself to be. The announced purpose of this new alliance is of a kind to win it scant sympathy from the public, which is not interested in straight trade-union issues like hours, wages, and working-conditions. The plan of organization, on the other hand, does not promise much in the way of genuine co-operation, for the Executive Committee can only recommend action in labour-disputes; that is, final authority remains in the hands of the three organizations. This will not look particularly hopeful to anyone who remembers how the English railwaymen failed their allies, the miners, at a crucial moment in the strike of a year ago. There is still one stupidity of British labour which our unions have not imitated: they have not yet gone into politics; but recent reports from Washington indicate pretty plainly that they are about to remedy this oversight.

Two juries in New York recently acquitted defendants in criminal proceedings, in spite of what the newspapers describe as "an overwhelming weight of evidence against them." Moreover, six of the talesmen who were called for another trial made the highly significant declaration that they would not accept the evidence of policemen and police witnesses against a defendant if there were any kind of respectable evidence brought in rebuttal. The judges thereupon berated and discharged the jurymen and

talesmen, and another judge issued a statement in which he said that the behaviour of the jurymen was "a manifestation of the bolshevik spirit." We doubt that this will do any good. Unquestionably there is in this country a great and increasing—and we think very wholesome—contempt for statutory law and for the administration thereof, and we are well aware that it is no pleasant thing for legislators, judges and police to discover that they are the objects of popular distrust and defiance. Getting on their high horse about it, however, will not lessen this feeling. The simple fact is that all the proceedings connected with the making and administration of statutory law are deserving of contempt and are getting it; and the only way to redeem them from contempt is by changing their character. Mere abuse of jurymen and rodomontade about the bolshevik spirit does not do this. If judges desire honest jury-service from honest citizens, let them rather move towards making over our legislative and administrative system into something which honest citizens can respect.

It has long been our conviction that if those zealous uplifters who are all for improving society by sending people to jail could see with their own eyes how government treats lawbreakers, they would speedily seek some other way of doing good. In no way is the essential enmity between government and the individual more strikingly revealed than in the ferocious treatment dealt out to uninfluential citizens who are unfortunate enough to fall into the clutches of the law. We took occasion last week to call attention to the depraved and vicious treatment of mere suspects; and now an article on "Faults in our Prison System," published in the *New York Times* of 26 February, calls our attention to the senseless cruelty of punishments inflicted after conviction, in the prisons of this enlightened land. The article quotes Mr. B. Ogden Chisholm, who has been making a study of prison-conditions, as saying that our prisons are overcrowded, and many of them "unfit for habitation, veritable cages where men contract disease and come forth poisoned in mind and body."

Nor is this all. Mr. Chisholm has much to say about the inhuman punishments he has witnessed in American prisons: floggings; confinement in dark cells; suspension for hours by the wrists with toes just touching the floor; the imposition of perpetual silence—these are a few of the methods by which a civilized State "reforms" those unfortunates who fall foul of its machinery of justice. With Congress and the State legislatures constantly busy creating new crimes, it is small wonder that the number of people yearly obliged to submit to these inhuman punishments is on the increase. The Federal penitentiary at Leavenworth now houses 2210 prisoners, where a year ago there were 1721; and Mr. Chisholm says that this increase is typical for the whole country. Clearly, our prison-system neither reforms criminals nor effectively prevents crime; and this is not to be wondered at when one considers that its purpose is to do neither.

ONE of New York's large construction-companies recently announced that by limiting its profit to five per cent and securing the full-time co-operation of labour, it could build tenements to rent at thirteen dollars per room per month, which would come, say, to sixty-five dollars per month for a five-room flat. A few days after this announcement, a group of public-spirited citizens inspired by Mr. Samuel Untermyer, outlined a project of tenement-building which went the construction-company one better. They proposed to eliminate their own profit entirely, and build what is known as cold-water tenements, to rent at eight or nine dollars per room per month. At about the same time, one of the principal social-service organizations in New York pointed out that a large run of working-class families of which it had record, were paying a little over five dollars rent per room, and could not afford to pay any more. Indeed, at a scale of profit by no means exorbitant, as ordinary notions of profit go,

tenements have been built in mean neighbourhoods during the past year, for investment-purposes, to rent at fifteen dollars per room, exclusive of hot water and heat, which the tenants might provide for themselves through a system of metering, if they could afford to do so.

THESE statistics seem to show that even if the house-owner, who is the capitalist in the case, got no return at all on his capital, it still remains impossible to build tenements in which the poorer class of labouring people can afford to live. They present pretty fair testimony that at the present price of materials and labour, the present burden of taxation upon improvements, and the present rental-value of land in New York City, the thing can not be done even when the capitalist is altogether counted out. We recommend this matter to the earnest attention of our liberal and uplifting brethren, suggesting that they make a general analysis of these production-costs. The capitalist, as we see, cuts no figure; he donates his capital, i. e., the tenement-house, and takes no profit. So the prime bugbear is out of the way. We urge our liberal contemporaries to analyse the cost of material and labour-costs; then to determine the incidence of taxation, first upon all the labour-products entering into the building and upon the building itself, classified as "improvements," and then upon the site-value of the land. Then let them analyse the share of the costs represented by the mere ownership of the land on which the house stands—represented by monopolist land-ownership as distinct from capitalist house-ownership. That is all. Making such an analysis is a highly instructive exercise, and as such we recommend it to all social-researchers as well as to our brethren of the liberal persuasion.

IF the moving pictures offered to the public in this country seldom rise above the level of asininity, it is not because the picture-makers are entirely given over to naughtiness; it is because most of them have no respect for their work as an art, and none for themselves as artists. The prospective competition in conventionality between the movie-colony in California, and the purer one proposed for establishment on Long Island, may have something to do with ethics, of a sort, but certainly it has nothing to do with art. However, this new glorification of the censorship is about what one would expect of a gentleman who was so recently our Postmaster-General-of-Censors. Mr. Hays's notion of the way to promote the development of the art of the cinema is about on a par with Nebraska's latest contribution to the critique of higher learning. The board which controls the destinies of the State Normal Schools of Nebraska has just decided that instructors in these schools will not hereafter be granted leave of absence for the purpose of pursuing their studies at institutions where cigarette-smoking is common among women students. The Westerners have placed Columbia University on the "Index Expurgatorius"; and now some of the officials of that institution have countered bravely with the statement that there isn't much smoking among the women of Columbia, after all. Really, this business of uplifting art and education would be too much for us, if we did not know that under certain conditions, people of a given sort will hang themselves.

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TOPICS OF THE DAY.

MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.

THE Senate Foreign Relations Committee has favourably reported upon all the seven treaties and agreements resulting from the Washington conference. The four-Power treaty, relating to insular possessions and dominions in the Pacific, bears a reservation proposed by Senator Brandegee, stipulating that "the United States understands that under the statement in the preamble or under the terms of this treaty, there is to be no commitment to armed force, no alliance, no obligation to join in any defence." The treaties now make their way to the floor of the Senate, where they may or may not be ratified. Probably no one knows what their chances are, and no one need be interested to care particularly, we think. It would be a good thing in a general way, and a reassuring thing, if the Senate should refuse to ratify the treaties, with no special regard for their substance as either bad or good, but with an eye solely to the auspices under which they were framed and presented. It would bull the stock of parliamentary institutions, which is now much below par, and send it up at least a hundred points, if the Senate as a body representative of the people, should refuse in any way to recognize any instrument framed by hands which have been so regularly found raised against the interests of the people. A representative parliamentary body that knew its duty would decline to ratify the Ten Commandments if they came before it with the endorsement of the British, French, Japanese and American delegates to the Washington conference. Andrew Jackson's secretary once handed him a folded memorandum of some proposed measures; Jackson glanced at the name it bore on its back, and then pushed it away without reading it, without even unfolding it. "Don't touch it sir," he roared, "don't have anything to do with it. With that man's name on it, there's rascality in it somewhere."

It is not probable, however, that the Senate will take this view of its duty towards the treaties. From any other point of view, its action upon them is of little consequence, whether one way or another. After the abundant light that has been shed during the last ten years upon the processes of treaty-making and treaty-breaking, it seems extraordinary that the fate of this particular batch of treaties should concern anyone, or that anyone should be found even to pretend to take stock in the archaic and simple notion that the Governments which made the treaties care greatly what becomes of them. For our own part, this paper has always regarded the Washington conference as a second Algeciras, having China for the object of its assiduous and watchful attentions, even as Algeciras had Morocco. We have therefore said from the beginning that we did not care two straws about the routine proceedings of the Washington conference or the open covenants which it more or less openly arrived at. Whatever secret agreements and understandings were initiated or confirmed there, however, would interest us immensely, if we could only know what they are. For a suspicion, amounting to practical certainty, that such understandings exist, and for a fairly sure premonition of their nature, we have the direction of diplomatic history. These, and these only, are important. The formal treaties which are to be canvassed in the Senate are of no importance whatever; they are mere measures of convenience, and

will be treated accordingly by the subscribing nations. Bluff they are, and unto bluff they will return.

To illustrate our meaning, and to bear us out with those who might be a little impatient with us and inclined perhaps to call us cynical, let us take up once more the closest historical parallel to the Washington conference, which is the conference at Algeciras. The treaty known as the Act of Algeciras was signed 7 April, 1906. It begins with the ponderous invocation, *In the Name of Almighty God*; thereby going a little bit ahead of the Washington conference, probably, in the matter of obtuse piosity. It contained 123 articles relating to this, that and the other matter of no particular significance but which looked pretty impressive on paper and were calculated to inspire confidence—much as the Washington conference shovelled in a few ornamental resolutions about the use of poisonous gases and the regulation of submarine warfare. Not necessary, in other words, but pretty. The real gist of the Act of Algeciras, however, was its reaffirmation of the pledges of the Powers, already made at the Madrid conference of 1880, to uphold the sovereignty of the Sultan of Morocco, and to maintain the independence and territorial integrity of Morocco. Compare this resolution with the Root resolutions adopted at Washington with reference to China, and you will see that they are virtually identical, as this paper remarked when the Root resolutions were promulgated.

Now suppose that some Senate, Parliament or ratifying body had run amuck at the Act of Algeciras and refused to ratify it, would there have been any practical difference in the course of events with reference to Morocco? Not a button; and this is how we know: When Great Britain, France and Spain went to Algeciras and helped promulgate the Act of Algeciras in the name of Almighty God, they already had secret agreements, just two years old, for the cutting-up and subjugation of Morocco. Those agreements were contracted in April, 1904, by the French Foreign Minister, Delcassé, and the British Foreign Minister, Lord Lansdowne; and no one outside the Foreign Offices concerned knew a word of them until November, 1911. These secret understandings were the important things, the real things. What did the treaty of Madrid or the Act of Algeciras matter?

The reader will see by this time that we are far from wishing to cultivate either in ourselves or in him a mere sterile scepticism. History shows that it would have been quite fair to regard a parliamentary debate over ratification of the Act of Algeciras as just so much conjurer's patter, for neither the debate nor the ratification itself had any actual importance. Very well; suppose that other signatories to the present four-Power treaty had when they came to Washington, and had had for two years, a perfectly valid and satisfactory secret contract to violate, in one way or another, and under one pretext or another, the integrity, sovereignty and independence of China. If, under these circumstances, they subscribed to the Root resolutions, they would have done precisely what was done at Algeciras. We therefore consider ourselves justified in putting a very low estimate on the importance of the Washington treaties and *a fortiori* on the Senate's action upon them. We are moved by a strong conviction that such secret arrangements exist and that their force will remain unimpaired by any treaty; just as the force of the Lansdowne-Delcassé agreement persisted unimpaired by the Act of Algeciras. We can not prove their existence by anything like

documentary evidence—no one can prove it—but the history of imperialist diplomacy shows that under just these circumstances, such agreements invariably have existed, and this raises a correspondingly strong expectation that under like circumstances they will exist. There is every reason why they should exist, and no reason to suppose that they do not. It is fair, at all events, to suggest earnestly to our readers that they should not let themselves be wholly carried away by the flood of oratory that the Senate will emit upon the treaties, and lose sight of the very distinct possibility—to put it mildly and with the utmost reserve—that the treaties themselves are worth no more than the Act of Algeciras was worth, and hence that their ratification or rejection is a matter of the smallest practical consequence.

"A FAVOURABLE BALANCE OF TRADE"

WE are by nature hostile to any sort of limitation upon the freedom of speech and of the press; and yet it seems to us that something might be said for a censorship that would leave people absolutely free to say what they please, and require only that they say what they mean. Under such a regime, it would be quite impossible for Mr. Hoover's Department of Commerce to refer publicly to the growth of this country's "favourable balance of trade," without telling us who it is that is favoured by this balance. According to the *New York Times*, the Department has just published a report which shows that for the year 1921, the favourable balance of the United States was four times as great as that for the last pre-war year; and this, in spite of the fact that during the year 1921, as compared with 1920, American exports and imports declined respectively, forty-five and fifty-two per cent.

In other words, the country's foreign trade is going rapidly to the devil; and in this sad state of affairs, we are apparently expected to take consolation in the fact that the proportion of goods received, to goods exported, is steadily declining. It is this preponderance of losses (exports) over gains (imports) that constitutes what is mischievously called a "favourable balance of trade"; but if one wishes to discover just how favourable the balance is, one can not do better than attempt to eat, or wear, or take shelter under, goods that are not to be had for the reason that exports have not been balanced by imports.

Just as a protective tariff operates to maintain artificially an excess of exports over imports, so the collection of an indemnity or the recovery of a foreign loan has an exactly opposite effect. The inflow of gold raises prices in the creditor country, attracts a surplus of imports, and creates in the long run what is known as an "unfavourable balance." Now in the preceding paragraph, we attempted to show that a favourable balance gives rise to conditions which were actually unfavourable to the consumer. If this is true, can not every argument used to prove this point be used also to prove that the collection of indemnities and the creation of an unfavourable balance is an operation in the interest of the consumer? A casual raking-over of the economics of distribution will reveal the answer. The surplus imports do not distribute themselves automatically; usually the consumer can get his hands on a share of these goods, only after he has first engaged in some employment which will yield the wherewithal to purchase them. Normally the total output of such employments will equal the total consumption of the community. If the importation of goods is artificially stimulated, domestic indus-

try suffers under the competition, and the consumer loses in purchasing-power more than he gains through an increase in the store of goods and a decline in prices.

As far as we can make out, any over-balancing of trade creates conditions which are unfavourable to the consumer. Where the balance is "favourable," the goods themselves are lacking; where it is "unfavourable," the consumer is cut off from a full enjoyment of the stock by a decline in his purchasing-power. Thus the favourable balance, with its shortage of imports, appears to be undesirable under any conceivable economic system. In the case of the unfavourable balance, however, the situation is not so plain. Here the difficulty is obviously due to the workings of a distributive system which prevents the consumer from acquiring the imported commodities otherwise than by purchase; but is there anything to keep a socialistic Government from exacting indemnities in kind, and distributing the commodities gratuitously to all its citizens? The question is an interesting one; an adequate answer would perhaps discover in the system of State-socialism the possibility of wars which would have as their issue the exploitation of all the people of one nation, for the profit of all the people of another.

INSTRUCTING THE HEATHEN.

THE representatives of the victorious Powers have taken much credit to themselves for permitting China to increase her tariff-taxes, though such permission plainly shows that the substance of the Root resolutions is nothing in the world but sweetened wind. The taxing-power is the chief attribute of sovereignty, and Governments are more jealous of the exercise of this power than anxious to study its consequences or to analyse its effect upon the lives and happiness of the people. Although something will have been gained when all the nations are treated alike at the Chinese frontier, the chief cause of international friction will remain in the tariff-system itself, with its penalties and restrictions, and the rigid and suspicious attitude towards foreigners which it necessitates. As long as custom-houses and their inspectors and spies are retained, international complications will be difficult to avoid. The foreign interests which control Chinese customs-receipts may not object to seeing an additional \$150 million deftly lifted from native pockets, but it is difficult to perceive how China is to be benefited, or international relations greatly improved, by the proceeding.

It is delightfully naive of the Powers whose armaments rule the world, to give solemn advice to China regarding the waste involved "in the maintenance of excessive military forces in various parts of the country." It no doubt stands to reason that "large and prompt reduction of these forces will not only advance the cause of China's political unity and economic development, but hasten her financial rehabilitation," nor can it be denied that such measures are imperative "alike in her own interest and in the general interest of trade." But it is hard not to see the irony in so much good advice from Powers who are chiefly remarkable for the sums they themselves spend on armaments and the obstacles they themselves place in the way of trade. If China were to follow the example of her mentors, she would find it sufficient for the exigencies of the occasion to send a few decrepit junks to the junk-heap and pass a few pious resolutions, her opportunity to interfere with trade being happily limited.

The real nature of the concessions enumerated by Senator Underwood did not escape the Chinese delegates. "It will be noted," said Mr. Koo, "that the question of restoration of tariff-autonomy to China is not included." It was impossible to contradict him when he pointed out that this sovereign right is enjoyed by all independent States, but he was on less firm ground when he added that "its free exercise is essential to the well-being of the State." While China is undeniably put at a disadvantage by the denial of reciprocal treatment, her goods being subject to tariffs which figure out "sixty or seventy times the rate which she herself levies on foreign imports," the Chinese people would only find their hardships increased if their Government were free to indulge in tariff-wars. The Allied Powers conferred a positive boon upon Germany when they abolished her military organization; had they done as much for her tariff-system they would have put her under an everlasting obligation.

Not only did Senator Underwood's committee feel justified, on the plea of unsettled conditions, in denying China the right to regulate her own finances, but it felt, apparently, no hesitation in prescribing the form of government that must be adopted by the Chinese as a preliminary to independence. "I feel sure," said the Senator, "that when China herself establishes a parliamentary government of all the provinces, and dispenses with the military control that now exists in many of the provinces of China, so that the outside Powers may feel that they are dealing with a Government that has entire and absolute control of the situation, China can expect to realize the great ideals of sovereignty that she asks for at this table." It would be interesting to compile a list of the conditions upon which our State Department has seen fit to insist as the price of self-government in China, in Russia, in Mexico, in Santo Domingo and Haiti, and then to draw the deadly parallel between this list and the text of the Root resolutions.

It is possible to use despotic power for the common good, but not without tending to eliminate the principle of despotism, as Turgot found when he attempted to bring the laws of Louis XVI into harmony with the laws of nature. Among other services to the cause of economic truth, Turgot wrote (and one would say that he had written expressly for the benefit of the Chinese) his reflections on the distribution of wealth. It is appropriate to recall this fact at a time when that much-abused nation is striving for economic emancipation, and it may not be out of place to set down Turgot's judgment that the course of commerce is no less prescribed, no less invariable and irresistible, than the course of nature itself, and that no Government should attempt to divert it. "Because," he argued, "in order to direct it without deranging it, and without injuring ourselves, it would be necessary for us to be able to follow all the changes in the needs, the interests and the industry of mankind. It would be necessary to know these in such detail as it would be physically impossible to arrive at; in such a study the most able, the most active, the most painstaking Government would risk being wrong in half the cases. . . . Even if we had in all these particulars that mass of knowledge which is impossible to be gathered, the result would only be to let things go precisely as they would have gone of themselves, by the simple action of men's interests, influenced by the balance of a free competition."

We are encouraged to hope for a gradual accept-

ance of the philosophy of freedom. It is no longer considered as a part of the natural order that trade should submit to the exactions of piracy and highway robbery; and to abolish arbitrary tolls at the frontier is but a further step in the same order of emancipation.

FROM BAD TO WORSE.

At the north-east corner of two busy streets in the business section of Boston stands the Ames Building. Once upon a time it was a famous structure; to-day it is but little observed and the interest it once aroused has long been forgotten. Yet this rather sombre twelve-story edifice is symbolic of certain happenings in that strange procession of economic stupidities which, to use a favourite expression of Mr. Harding's, has made us what we are.

At the time of its erection, the Ames Building presented two problems: one pecuniary; the other architectural. The pecuniary question was this: how could a structure be built that would first pay interest on the highly capitalized value of such a site and then pay interest on its own cost? Business was moving that way, and no doubt the erection of the new building was calculated to stimulate that movement; but some thousands of plain folk, walking back and forth, had made it both possible and necessary for the owner to put such a high value on the site that an ordinary six or eight-story building could not possibly absorb the interest-charges on the land-valuation, to say nothing of returning a dividend on the cost of the structure. Till then, as far as the building-problem was concerned, the difficulty had been met by increasing the height, thus increasing the density of occupancy per square foot. In the case of the Ames Building, however, it was found that in order to get enough rent to turn the trick, it was necessary to put up twelve stories, and so the building was erected and there it stands. Shortly afterwards, however, the system of high-building construction was so completely revolutionized that the economic history of these old buildings became obsolete. The era of steel-construction had arrived—thin walls, thin floors, great floor-space, an unprecedented speed in construction. The Ames Building was the last of its kind. Cheaper buildings and lower rents; that was the alluring prospect.

Suppose that the Committee on the Building Industries, established by Mr. Harding's late conference on unemployment, had held a session in Boston and had considered the case of the Ames Building and what has happened since? Suppose that it had discussed the "unfair practices," for which it rebuked the building-industries, in the light of the strictly honest endeavour, as business traffic goes, which we are all making in order to pay the rent that is demanded for the use of the land on which our homes and offices and factories are built. The Ames Building represents an effort to pay this rent; the steel-skyscrapers represent a similar effort. Both have failed. Along with rising land-charges has come a congestion of population that has made life more unpleasant, more difficult, and more costly than ever. But like Gallio, the distinguished members of this semi-governmental committee cared for none of these things.

To the insatiable demands for rent, continually increased by rising land-charges, architects and builders have been able to make no effective reply. The producers of building-materials, however, have devised trade-combinations to keep up prices. Naturally; how else could they respond? In order to meet the vast capitalization of land-charges, whether in building-

sites or natural resources, it is necessary to shut off free access to them. If land and building-materials were liberated from the tribute that is now levied as the only means of paying the rent, the structure would collapse. Thus the old game of competition in the building-trades went by the board. "Gentlemen's agreements," the "open price," resale restrictions—all these methods were tried and all of them succeeded—for a time at least.

It was the cement-industry which first saw the light. The great Portland Cement Association was formed to "educate the public." Millions of dollars—either taken from the stockholders' pocket or perhaps added to the price of cement—were poured into cement-propaganda. The lumber-trade followed suit, then brick, lime, terra-cotta, marble, stone, till there is probably not a single building-material in the United States which is not now the basis of an organization having for its object the raising of prices in order to promote sales. Behold the advertising agent, with his "selling-plan," and his staff of copy-men; behold the era of each monopolized natural resource battling against all the others, with the building-public paying the bill. Out of this trade-war, as out of all wars, a few people have made a lot of money, while on the other hand a great many people have paid, are still paying, and will long continue to pay.

It is not that the consumption of building-materials was increased by reason of this struggle for the market. On the contrary, consumption declined as prices were artificially inflated. Indeed the cost of distributing building-materials has risen faster than consumption. But in this regard present-day conditions in the building-industry differ not a whit from those in any other industry.

Meanwhile innumerable experts are striving to disentangle the truth from the misrepresentation that is now rife concerning many building-materials. There is, nowadays, a great passion for "standardization"; it seems to be supposed that large savings will result from the elimination of odd sizes and the establishment of a few standard sizes. But the truth of the matter is that every saving which results from standardization is immediately capitalized and added to the rent. And all the time the number of skilled building-trades workers steadily declines and the quality of work declines as well; for the workers know that they have no chance of capturing a higher real wage. This then, in brief, is a true picture of the building-industry to-day in the United States, seen as a whole; an industry, by the way, upon which we depend for the prime necessity of shelter.

What is the remedy that is proposed for this lamentable state of affairs? What is to restore the balance between distribution-costs and consumption? How are we to unload the next lot of indebtedness and collect the next instalment of the rent? Mr. Hoover has said that the way out of the mess is home-ownership. But the citizen who builds a home to-day is putting his head in a noose. The "Own Your Home" campaign is merely an effort to shift the load of the housing-problem a little more directly upon the back of the consumer.

Fortunately—or providentially—this latter scheme is not likely to work. All the "Own Your Home" campaigns thus far instituted have come to grief. Lenders of money will not provide enough on the security of a first mortgage to make the scheme a success and there are no takers of second mortgages within the range of the most powerful telescope. So there we are, and there we are likely to remain.

TOM CORYAT OF ODCOMBE.

THE village of Odcombe in the county of Somerset is situated on the edge of a green windswept hill overlooking Sedgemoore and the vale of Avalon. In former times the coach-road from London to Exeter ran through the village and there still may be seen an old milestone with the words "107 miles to Hyde Park corner" plainly discernible on its lichen-covered surface. Was it perhaps the motley unending stream of traffic along this famous highway that fired the boyish imagination of Thomas Coryat with a desire for foreign travel?

Thomas Coryat, "that great lunatique" as John Donne called him, was born in Odcombe in 1577, and thirty years later set out from his native village for Venice, travelling for the most part on foot. A few years later he published an account of his wayfaring in a volume which he called "Coryat's Crudities Gobbled Up in Five Months Travels: Newly Digested in the Hungry Air of Odcombe in the County of Somerset."

What a born traveller was this glib Elizabethan who, upon his safe return, indulged the strange whimsey of hanging up his shoes in his father's church where they remained on view for nearly two centuries. As we turn over the faded pages of his journal we are won to a strange intimacy with this inquisitive and fantastical figure who, with clout on back and hedge-stick in hand, made his way along the dusty summer roads of Europe three hundred years ago. Nothing seems to have escaped his notice. Now he is peering over the hedges "at the marvellous store of goodly oxen whereof almost all were dunne"; now, he is observing "the abundance of little hip-frogges"; now, loitering in a village street to see "a miscreant being beaten by a constable who was so stout a fellow that though he received many a bitter lash, he did not a jot relent at it."

True countryman that he was, he was for ever comparing what he saw abroad with the sights and customs of his own home. Thus at Moulis, Coryat remarks, "That the oxen and kine are coupled together with yokes and not loose as our oxen and kine are sold at fairs and markets in England." A plot of arable land near Basle "contayneth at least sixe times as much in compasse (according to my estimation) than the great cornfield of that famous mannour of Martoc in Somerset." The precipices of Switzerland he finds to be "as deepe as Paul's Tower in London is high." A Swiss trencher he declares to be "as large in compasse as a cheese in my county of Somersetshire that will cost a shilling." When he hears that a certain Italian poet, one Jacobus Sannazarius, had been awarded a hundred crowns, he wishes that "his poetical friend Mr. Benjamin Jonson were so well rewarded seeing that he hath made as good verses (in my opinion) as those of Sannazarius."

Unlike many other travellers past and present Coryat carried home no vague impressions. He seems to have examined every piece of iron, every old beam in the cities that he visited, till he came to know these objects as well as he knew the signpost between Odcombe and Ilchester. Thus, not content with observing the two famous pillars in the piazza of St. Mark's at Venice, built as he tells us "by a very cunning architect," he must stretch his arms around them so as to ascertain their exact measurements. In the same way he was at pains to touch the "yron coffin of St. Luke—with some difficulty for it was so farre within the grate that I could hardly conveigh the top of my fingers to it." Perhaps it is this very faculty of taking possession, in an almost physical way, of what he sees that enables Coryat to convey in a few lines such an extraordinary sense of reality. Take this for instance: "I saw but one horse in all Venice during the space of six weeks that I made my abode there, and that was a little bay nagge feeding in the churchyard of St. John and Paul," or this, "I observed a great multitude of clownes that came the Sunday morning to Mantua that I was there, with strawen hats and feathers in them, and every one that has his sithe and hooke in his hands; belike they come to put themselves out to hire for harvest worke."

Like all Englishmen of his period Coryat cherishes an almost childish veneration for his native country. Thus when he comes across a portrait of King James in Venice, placed in the leading position among the portraits of other European sovereigns, he is "filled with content"; and when he visits the French King's stables, he sees "fine and fair geldings and naggies, but neither in fineness of shape comparable to our King's horses, nor as I take it, for swiftness."

But even his enthusiasm for England weakens before the spell of the Queen City of the Adriatic. Never has Venice had a more ardent admirer than old Coryat. He loitered there for nearly two months, and many and strange are the things he tells of the visit. Thus we are solemnly warned against the boatmen at the ferry near the Rialto, "the most vicious

and licentious varlets about all the city. For if a stranger entereth into one of the gondolas and doth not presently tell him whither he will go, they will incontinently carry him of their own accord to a religious house forsooth; where his plumes will be well pulled before he cometh forth again."

His reference to the famous clock that still stands over the gateway leading from the piazza of St. Mark's to the Rialto, is piquant with all a countryman's wonder at civilized novelties. He described it first as a "very pretty conceit with the images of two wilde men by it, made in brasse, a witty device and very exactly done," and then goes on to relate how that while he was in the Duke's Palace "observing of matters"—

A certain fellow that had the charge to look to the clock was very busy about the bell to amend something in it that was amisse. In the meantime one of the wilde men that at the quarters of the howers doe use to strike the bell, strooke the men on his head, with his brazen hammer, giving him so violent a blow that therewith he fell down dead presently in the place, and never spake more.

A favourite pastime with Coryat was to stand and listen to the mountebanks or "merry fellows." It vastly amused him, he tells us, "to hear them first extol their wares up to the skies and set a price of ten crowns, and then descend so low that they would take four gazels or something less than a groat." He was also impressed by the practice common in Venice at that time of burying laymen in a Franciscan friar's habit, especially if the deceased had been a riotous and licentious liver in his lifetime, for it was hoped by this means to cozen God at the day of judgment.

Coryat speaks of his visit to Venice as "the sweetest time that ever I spent in my life," and he declares that he would not have forgone seeing the place if he had been promised four of the richest manors of Somerset. Ben Johnson himself tells us that, for many years afterwards, if the name of Venice was but mentioned in Coryat's presence, "he would break doublet, crache elbow, and overflowe the roome with his murmur."

Soon after the publication of his "Crudities," Tom Coryat started out on a new expedition. This time he ventured into Asia, getting even as far as India, but, alas! he never lived to return home; for somewhere in remote Persia he died. It is reported of him that as he lay sick and faint with thirst, he fancied he heard the sound of the word "sack," that most consoling and liberal drink that he had quaffed so many times in the old ale-houses of his beloved Somerset.

"Sack! sack! Is there such a thing as sack? I pray you give me some sack," he kept crying to the mystified strangers about him; and these, it is said, were the last words ever spoken by this adventurous and gallant gentleman.

LEWELYN POWYS.

AS A EUROPEAN RADICAL SEES IT.

MANY Americans not unnaturally think that the good record of America hitherto is a reason for expecting a good record in the future. I think those who take this point of view do not quite understand the new temptations to which America will henceforth be exposed.

I know there is in America a great deal of what is called "idealism." But what are its manifestations? Prohibition certainly is due to "idealism." Now there are many good arguments in favour of prohibition, and I am not myself prepared to oppose it, but no student of modern psychology will suppose that these arguments were what persuaded the nation. Apart from the interests of those who make non-alcoholic drinks, and the hopes of employers that their men would work harder, it must have been the case that there were more people who found pleasure in preventing others from drinking than people who found pleasure in drinking themselves. Take another exhibition of "idealism": the treatment of Maxim Gorky in the United States. I know there were journalistic reasons for inflaming opinion against him, but these could not have operated unless opinion were ready to be inflamed. In America divorce is easy; in Tsarist Russia it was almost impossible. Consequently, the law had not sanctioned a union far more stable than many American marriages; therefore Gorky was "immoral" and must be hounded out of the country. Again: the Bible says "Thou shalt not steal," but Socialists believe that civilization can

only be preserved by confiscation of private property. Therefore they are immoral men, who must not be allowed to sit in a legislature to which they have been duly elected, and whose heads may be bashed in by loyal mobs who invade their houses. Sacco and Vanzetti are accused of a murder, and there is no conclusive evidence that they committed it; but their political opinions are undesirable, so that no one is interested in the mere question of fact: Did they, or did they not, commit the murder? The moral reprobation of these men on account of their opinions is, no doubt, another case of "idealism."

So far, "idealism" may be identified with love of persecution. If I were concerned to analyse its unconscious psychological sources, I should say that this form of it results from a conflict between the Christian duty of loving one's neighbour and the natural man's impulse to torture him. A reconciliation is effected by the theory that one's neighbour is a "sinner," who must be punished in order to be purified. People cling to the conception of "sin," because otherwise they would have no moral justification for inflicting pain. "Idealism," in this form, is moral reprobation as a pretext for torture.

I do not suggest that America is the only country where there is "idealism." All the belligerents were full of it during the war, and it is still rampant everywhere. But it is only in America, and to a lesser extent in England, that it still deceives the people who are trying to think out the problem of creating a happier world. Is it not clear that a happier world will not be generated by hatred, even if the objects of hatred are "sinners"? Do any Christians, I wonder, ever read the Gospels?

"Idealism" has, however, a wider scope than persecution. It may be defined generically as the practice of proclaiming moral motives for our actions. After America's entry into the war, President Wilson became idealistic in our former sense; before that, when he was "too proud to fight," he was idealistic in a wider sense. The objection to proclaiming moral motives for one's actions is twofold: first, that no one else believes what one says; and secondly, that one does believe it oneself. I have no doubt that many Americans believe in the unselfishness of America's motives, first for neutrality and then for belligerency. People who are not Americans, however, can not be persuaded to adopt this view. They think that America intervened at the exact moment most favourable for American interests, and that America would not have become either so rich or so powerful as she is if she had intervened sooner or had remained neutral to the end. They do not blame America for this, but they are somewhat irritated when they find that Americans will not admit it, but claim to be made of nobler stuff than the rest of humanity.

I suppose few things have done more to disgust Americans with the Old World than the secret treaties. I am not, of course, a defender of the secret treaties, but I think it is worth while to understand how a man like Lord Grey came to agree to them. I took and still take the view that the issues in the war were unimportant, that it did not matter which side won—though a draw would have been best—and that the most important thing was that the war should end quickly. This was not the view of the belligerents. The British Government took the view—to which America was converted in the end—that the defeat of Germany was vital. We could not defeat Germany without the help of nations having no direct interest in the struggle, and we could not get their help without buying it. By

the time America came in, we had built up such a strong alliance that America's strength turned the scale; but it must be admitted that America profited by our sins. Our people did not know of the secret treaties; the sins were only those of the Government; and when President Wilson declared in the Senate that he did not know of the secret treaties, the American Government showed that it shared the guilt.

I come now to China. It is in China that American policy has been seen at its best. America alone has not sought concessions, has returned the balance of the Boxer indemnity, has stood for the Open Door, and has championed the independence and integrity of China. All these things are admirable, but they show wisdom rather than unselfishness; they are all strictly consonant with American interests. The Washington conference has provided a good deal of rather painful evidence that the interests of China receive little consideration when they are opposed to those of America. Up to the present (26 January), it is doubtful whether anything effective is going to be done about Shantung, but that may be excused on the ground of Japanese obduracy. The more serious matter is the American attempt to secure international control of China by means of the consortium. China is in financial difficulties, partly owing to the anarchy which has been carefully fomented by Japan, partly owing to the withholding of the customs-revenue by the British Inspector-General of Customs. The London *Times* of 14 January says:

It is curious to reflect that this country [China] could be rendered completely solvent and the Government provided with a substantial income almost by a stroke of the foreigner's pen, while without that stroke there must be bankruptcy pure and simple. Despite constant civil war and political chaos, the customs-revenue consistently grows, and last year exceeded all records by £1,000,000. The increased duties sanctioned by the Washington conference will provide sufficient revenue to liquidate the whole foreign and domestic floating debt in a very few years, leaving the splendid salt surplus unencumbered for the Government. The difficulty is not to provide money, but to find a Government to which to entrust it.

Yet the *Times* foams at the mouth when the Chinese say they would like to recover control of their own customs. As a consequence of foreign control the Chinese Government has failed to meet an obligation of \$5,500,000 due to a Chicago bank. The resulting action of America is set forth in the *Freeman* for 25 November (p. 244), as follows:

American financiers and politicians were at one and the same time the heroes and villains of the piece; having co-operated in the creation of a dangerous situation, they came forward handsomely in the hour of trial with an offer to save China from themselves as it were, if the Chinese Government would only enter into relations with the consortium, and thus prepare the way for the eventual establishment of an American financial protectorate.

In the *Japan Weekly Chronicle* for 17 November (p. 725), in a telegram headed "International Control of China," I find it reported that America is thought to be seeking to establish international control, and that Mr. Wellington Koo told the Philadelphia *Public Ledger*: "We suspect the motives which led to the suggestion and we thoroughly doubt its feasibility. China will bitterly oppose any conference-plan to offer China international aid." He adds: "International control will not do. China must be given time and opportunity to find herself. The world should not misinterpret or exaggerate the meaning of the convulsion which China is now passing through." These are wise words, with which every true friend of China must agree. In the same issue of the *Japan Weekly*

Chronicle—which, by the way, I consider one of the best weekly papers in the world—I find the following (p. 728):

Mr. Lennox Simpson [Putnam Weale] is quoted as saying: 'The international bankers have a scheme for the international control of China. Mr. Lamont, representing the consortium, offered a sixteen-million-dollar loan to China, which the Chinese Government refused to accept because Mr. Lamont insisted that the Hukuang bonds, German issue, which had been acquired by the Morgan Company, should be paid out of it.' Mr. Lamont, on hearing this charge, made an emphatic denial, saying: 'Simpson's statement is unqualifiedly false. When this man Simpson talks about resisting the control of the international banks he is fantastic. We don't want control. We are anxious that the conference result in such a solution as will furnish full opportunity to China to fulfil her own destiny.'

Sagacious people will be inclined to conclude that so much anger must be due to being touched on the raw, and that Mr. Lamont, if he had had nothing to conceal, would not have spoken of a distinguished writer and one of China's best friends as "this man Simpson."

I do not pretend that the evidence against the consortium is conclusive, and I have not space here to set it all forth, but to any European radical Mr. Lamont's statement that the consortium does not want control reads like a contradiction in terms. Those who wish to lend to a Government which, if it is let alone, will go bankrupt, must aim at control, for, even if there were not the incident of the Chicago bank, it would be impossible to believe that Messrs. Morgan and Company are so purely philanthropic as not to care whether they get any interest on their money or not, although emissaries of the consortium in China have spoken as though this were the case.

While I was in China recently, the consortium, which is theoretically international but practically American, offered a loan to China on condition that China made certain internal reforms. China rejected the offer, rightly as I thought, since it involved international control. Shortly before my departure from Peking, Mr. Crane, who had just ceased to be American Minister to China, was reported in the *Peking Leader* (a paper owned by Chinese but edited by an American), to have stated in an interview that he was in favour of international control of China. I mentioned this interview in a farewell address. To my amazement, there was an uproar among the very Americans who had advocated the consortium. The editor of the *Peking Leader*, in whose paper the interview had appeared, seemed astonished that I could have believed it to be genuine, and made difficulties about permitting my address to be reprinted. I left China immediately afterwards, and do not know what subsequently occurred, except that the *Peking Leader* published an editorial criticizing my work as a professor. All this shows the curious confusion of mind which enables people to advocate a loan on condition of internal changes, and yet to imagine themselves opposed to international control.

In the *New Republic* for 30 November, there is an article by Mr. Brailsford entitled "A New Technique of Peace," which sets forth an analysis with which I find myself in complete agreement. If the conference is successful, I expect to see China compelled to be orderly so as to afford a field for foreign commerce and industry; a government such as the West will consider good, substituted for the present go-as-you-please anarchy; a gradually increasing flow of wealth from China to the investing countries, the chief of which is America; the development of a sweated Chin-

ese proletariat; the spread of Christianity; the substitution of the American civilization for the Chinese; the destruction of traditional beauty, except for such *objets d'art* as millionaires may think it worth while to buy; the gradual awakening of China to her exploitation by the foreigner; and one day, fifty or a hundred years hence, the massacre of every white man throughout the Celestial Empire at a signal from some vast secret society. All this is probably inevitable, human nature being what it is. It will be done in order that rich men may grow richer, but we shall be told that it is done in order that China may have "good" government. The definition of the word "good" is difficult, but the definition of "good government" is as easy as A. B. C.: it is government that yields fat dividends to capitalists.

The Chinese are gentle, urbane, seeking only justice and freedom. They have a civilization superior to ours in all that makes for human happiness. They have a vigorous movement of young reformers, who, if they are allowed a little time, will revivify China and produce something immeasurably better than the worn-out grinding mechanism that we call civilization. When Young China has done its work, Americans will be able to make money by trading with China, without destroying the soul of the country. China needs a period of anarchy in order to work out her salvation; all great nations need such a period from time to time. When America went through such a period, in 1861-5, England thought of intervening to insist on "good government," but fortunately abstained. Nowadays, in China, all the Powers want to intervene. Americans recognize this in the case of the wicked Old World, but many of them are smitten with blindness when it comes to their own consortium. All I ask of them is that they should admit that they are as other men, and cease to thank God that they are not as this publican.

I hope no reader will think that my outlook is that of a cynic. Whoever will read the third Book of Spinoza's *Ethics* will find there a view of human nature identical with my own; whoever will read the fourth and fifth Books will see how little cynicism this view implies. The two qualities which I consider superlatively important are love of truth and love of our neighbour. I find love of truth obscured in America by commercialism, of which pragmatism is the philosophical expression; and love of our neighbour kept in fetters by Puritan morality. Faults at least as bad as those of America exist in all countries; but America seems as yet somewhat more lacking than some other countries as regards a self-critical minority. This minority exists; and there is notable proof that it is not silent. I fear that some of the things I have said may cause irritation, but that is not their purpose; I wish only to promote mutual understanding. I wish also, if I can, to do something to save China from a slavery more complete than any that Japan could impose.

BERTRAND RUSSELL.

THE OBJECT OF EDUCATION.

THERE is a firm and wellnigh universal conviction that education is related to intelligence, as cause to effect. Both those who seek and those who dispense education share this article of faith, while even the critics of educational procedures are prone to accept it. The scepticism that would challenge such a deeply rooted belief must be prepared to accept the usual rewards of the heretic. Yet, evidence disposing one to doubt the efficacy of education to promote intelligence, is not difficult to find. Only recently the metro-

politan newspapers have given us long accounts of the City Fathers' perturbation over the iniquities of the history-texts used in the schools of New York. With the utmost candour, the view has been expressed that the public schools must instil patriotism and respect for our national past, however drastic may be the necessary revisions and excisions in accepted historical records.

These parochial limitations upon the industry of Clio are, however, of minor import. What is, or should be, of concern to educationists is the sequence of events through which a child passes, while undergoing the process of education. In elementary education a child is given certain naïve ideas and doctrines of the history of his country, which, if he be so fortunate as to continue his schooling, are, in secondary education, somewhat modified in the direction of less *naïveté* and less dogmatism. If the same child passes on to college, he again is given another set of ideas and doctrines which are more or less realistic, but still disposing to a respectful and admiring view of the civic virtues of his forefathers. In the graduate schools, this process of disillusionment may be carried to the point where there no longer exists an even faint resemblance between the views of the elementary school and those of the seminar. The graduate student is exposed, as it were, to the very arcana of history and from that belief-disturbing experience he will become, usually, profoundly sceptical. Yet when his turn comes to write textbooks, he will continue the traditional juvenile material.

Now the proper attitude to take towards this accumulating experience of the child is that the increasing education received in this hierarchy of schooling does promote a critical intelligence towards history, contrary to the doubt earlier expressed in this paper. But what shall we say of the bulk of students who stop with elementary education? They are inducted into life with a set of pious beliefs, but without as much as a suspicion of intelligence derived from their schooling.

History is only one of a number of the concerns of education, but the situation in history, as described above, is alike for economics, government, politics and whatever else of the social "sciences" that may be taught. No one who has reflected upon this situation can, unless he be professionally committed to the educational industry, fail to see that, far from developing intelligence, education is concerned solely with implanting ideas, attitudes, views and beliefs which comport with what Professor McDougal calls the "group mind." That is to say, education is the process by which the child is patterned in his thinking and behaviour according to the group-standards and preferences so that, as an adult, he will behave as nearly like his fellows as possible.

It is true that by education he learns reading, writing and arithmetic, but what he reads and writes and how he figures is in the group-pattern. He learns and becomes more or less adept in the institution of prices, and in business methods of buying and selling, while he acquires his arithmetic. He becomes patriotic while he reads history and politics, and learns the virtues of civic obedience and respect while he writes his compositions upon government. The content of the three R's is the affair of social behaviour approved by the majority.

It is now in order for the embattled defender of education to arise and, with a vehement gesture, demand, What would you have education do? Are not the public schools "the bulwark of our institutions"? The present writer has no particular task to propose for education—at present. Nor is he at all inclined

to question the service of public schools in the maintenance of our institutions. Indeed he holds that education exists and serves to perpetuate certain patterns of behaviour or what we call institutions and, therefore, has little or nothing to do with the development of intelligence. For it would take a hardy soul to proclaim any intelligence in our social institutions—our accepted and sanctioned ways of living together.

Private property, absentee ownership, the price-system, wages, marriage, politics, what are these but the modes of behaviour towards others which rule in the group-life of to-day and operate, after a fashion, to insure progeny, a modicum of goods and services and the whole tragi-comedy we call modern life? None of these modes of behaviour is inherited and born in us. They must all be acquired by experience, and education is the process of controlled experience whereby the young are inducted into this social life, with its formal patterns of behaviour towards persons and things.

Between the initiatory ceremonies of savage peoples in which the adolescent males are acquainted with the rights, duties and privileges of a member of the tribe and the process of modern education in a civilized State, there is a difference only of mode and duration. The object of both is the same—to prepare the individual of the younger generation to carry on "business as usual."

Our concern is not to criticize or to condemn education, either for its methods or its objectives, but rather to point them out as substantiating the heresy that education and intelligence are not causally related, are not means and the end. The more eloquent the defence of education as essential to a democracy, to the preservation of our institutions, the more conclusively appears the truth of this heresy. For intelligence, or, as it is wiser to say, intelligent behaviour, is precisely that behaviour which does not rely upon magical, coercive institutions, *mores* and social habits, but operates through the causal sequences of things, to discover which it is continually seeking.

Nothing is more certain than that there is a vast and unbridgeable gulf between social habits or institutions and intelligent behaviour. The history of every science is a record of successive heresies, generated by the discovery of the causal sequences in things, which ran counter to social beliefs and habits. The history of applied sciences tells the same tale of arduous and painful displacement of social habits by new techniques based upon scientific discoveries. To-day, in our industrial establishments, our engineering ability is devoted in large measure to the elimination of institutional habits, substituting for private property and price-habits, the regime of planning and control, directed use and preparation of tools for private ownership and application. The workman in a well managed factory to-day operates in a world run by intelligence, not by social institutions. He is freed, within the factory, from private property, prices and the like, and no longer can behave as an irresponsible individual, as he does outside its doors.

A Scots philosopher has observed that "the history of intelligence is not so much a record of the progressive discovery of truth as of our gradual emancipation from error." This emancipation is the work of intelligence seeking to discover how things behave instead of accepting the prevailing ideas, conceptions and beliefs that form the staple of education. Within fairly recent years education has accepted, grudgingly and hesitatingly, the task of teaching the discoveries of the natural sciences. Yet within the past twenty

years biologists have been threatened with dismissal for teaching the evolutionary hypothesis. In such topics as political or economic behaviour, where the institutional habits completely obtain, intelligence has scarcely begun to function. Accordingly we find that the educational efforts, even of our colleges and universities, in political or social "science," are concerned with inculcating "correct" opinions and ideas, not with the development of intelligent behaviour in social government and production and distribution.

As a group we are fearful of intelligent behaviour, and well we may be, for the bulk of our social institutions can not survive the test of intelligence. This is not to be taken as a condemnation of those institutions or a desire to abolish or subvert them, if that were possible. We are called upon solely to observe that they are unintelligent and confessedly so by the testimony of those who exclaim the loudest lest our remarks on that head disillusion the masses of the people, who are being educated to respect them.

L. K. FRANK.

LETTERS FROM A DISTANCE: XXI.

CAPE TOWN, November, 1921.

RETURNING to civilization, my dear Eusebius, is a most painful experience, perhaps because civilization is so little civilized, and because, in this instance, Cape Town is one of its most shocking achievements. Here is a city built, or allowed to sprawl over, one of the most glorious sites in the world, and yet it is a slum to make the East Side of New York hold up its head in pride: such a slum, such a sprawl, such a slatternly dump of corrugated iron, smeared over with a peculiarly dense chocolate smoke that hangs heavily, defying the sea breeze until it is shamed by the white clouds that come pouring over the top of the Table, driven by the south-east wind. If ever I am asked to be proud of myself as an Imperial Briton, I shall point to Cape Town and ask how anyone dare talk about a Cape-to-Cairo Railway with such a terminus; but the Imperial Briton in these latitudes has been so absorbed in what South Africa is going to be, that he has entirely forgotten what South Africa is—a wilderness dotted with slums, much, I imagine, like the America that Dickens saw on his first visit, which, for all that, managed to grow into the America that I saw and loved two years ago. So it will be here in Africa, and when the shift that is now in process from bogus to sound finance is complete, there will be glimmerings of dignity in this place.

The ships from Europe arrive full and leave empty, and much is happening. The wild adventure of a British South Africa should end in the achievement of a South Africa which is human, as America is human. Apropos, the conference at Washington makes it difficult to observe or to think or to feel anything else. The colossal folly of Versailles forces the august ones assembled at Washington into sanity, even if it be only that of a collection of bankrupts, facing their creditors who are not the ingenious gentlemen of Wall Street and the U. S. Treasury, but future generations. The moral issue has at last to be faced, and of course one sees nothing about it in the newspapers; but the pressure is there all the same, very imperfectly translated into terms of finance, and only intelligible in terms of the psychic forces for which we have as yet no agreed ciphers, though they are perfectly definite and marvellously precise in their operation. The mania for armaments seems to be dissolving into its component parts of imbecility and cowardice, and it is being almost openly admitted that it amounted always to a fatuous belief that no man was safe in his walks abroad unless he had at home a bigger stick than he could carry. Did not Mr. Winston Churchill declare the other day that without the British navy we should be dependent on good will—as though anyone was ever safely dependent upon anything else and as though good will was ever anything but mutual?

Never mind: from my long years of conflict and pig-headed insistence upon the moral issue, I have emerged into the profitable study of corn and cattle, the broad basis of all human endeavour, since—though all politicians from Lenin to President Wilson seem to forget it—we must eat. I can turn to my master, Jonathan Swift, and assure him that I have made two blades of grass grow where one grew before, and have instructed the meagre Afrikaner cow with the aid of a good British bull, in the art of making more milk than nature yields unaided. If only it were as simple to make one idea grow where before there were dozens of notions and prejudices! Washington, under pressure, may give rise to any number of convenient arrangements, but we shall look in vain to it for an idea, or for any utterance of the great psychic events that have taken place during the past year—which will, I think, when the psychologists have evolved their technique, be shown to have been the *annus mirabilis* for which the wise and the sensitive have been looking these hundreds of years.

Horses and dogs, cattle and corn, have been my companions and my interest for the last six months. As I shall never learn to rise at five in the morning, I am too scrupulous to become a farmer; and so here goes for humanity. I had intended to stay among the brown men of India and the yellow men of China, but London has reached out a long arm and clawed me back again. I have consoled myself a little with talk of strange places and people with a Cambridge friend, an anthropologist whom I last saw fifteen years ago on his way to Australia to study the aborigines. Most of those years he has spent in the bush and in the South Sea Islands and we hob-nob in the repugnance with which Western civilization fills us both. We talk of Marcel Proust and André Gide and the horror of seeing French literature decline with the syllogism: "Civilization is in danger: French civilization is the only civilization: therefore, all the nations are at the service of the French!" So we talk until I explode into saying that civilization has been supplanted by a commercial swindle which, at its peril, gives no heed to the human mind or the human soul. My friend agrees, but is indifferent. At any moment he could retire happily to the bush, or become again an august servant of the Queen of an Island in the Pacific; and, as he says, after a certain age, the question of climate becomes important, and there is no climate so delightful as that of the tropics with its dry warm winter, and its summer cooled by thunderous rains.

I am not yet middle-aged—though horribly near it—and I set my face northward to the region where the climate urges activity and has made the European such a nuisance to the rest of the inhabitants of an ever-varying, ever-delightful world. It is high time the Europeans apologized, and it seems that they are in a mood to do so; at least, so I read the new methods of diplomacy which have advanced from frank deceit upon any given subject, to discussion upon it until every one is heartily sick of it and arrangements may be made to give profits where profits are due. It is a delightful spectacle to see the British Government being almost polite to the Irish and the Indians and the Egyptians, and Herr Stinnes occultly explaining the mysteries of modern business to the childish industrial barons who, having killed the goose that laid the golden eggs, have been kicking its carcass in their rage at finding its nest empty. Has Stinnes invented a synthetic golden egg? He has feathered a fine nest, but the problem is to find the bird.

By the way, I found myself quoted (from the *Free-man*) in a Cape Town paper. So, in one gesture I have been able to say: Hail, America! and au revoir, South Africa! Three weeks at sea, and then I shall write from London, once my home; where after two years wandering, I shall find myself, I fancy, more a foreigner than anywhere else, for I have seen and lived much and thought many new things not easily to be expressed in the jargon used by the civilized few in that grey, barbarian old city. GILBERT CANNAN.

(The End.)

THE DIARY OF A CASUAL LABOURER.

7 OCTOBER. Last night was a good night for sleeping for me, in spite of the lumpy straw mattress and the dirty blankets in my upper bunk. The fat man under me smelt a little and snored considerably, but he left the next morning with two or three others—nearly every morning a few men leave. To-day I was put on the train-gang with eight other men, including those who arrived with me yesterday, and the two young fellows who had argued with me last night. The work of a train-crew is easier than that of the shovel-gang. We loaded flat cars with rails, by means of an air crane, and loaded tie-plates by hand. In doing this we had to travel considerable distances, so we were not working more than a quarter of the time and had very pleasant rides past the fields of wheat-stubble and corn-shocks, which line the Northern Pacific right of way through North Dakota. We had lunch with the section gang at Mapleton, and it seemed to me that the cook of that outfit was better than the one at our camp. This riding around gave us an opportunity for a great deal of talk concerning the I. W. W. and I learned much that was interesting in this way, and also got to know the other men. I like them all very much. The two young fellows were called Slim and Smitty, respectively. They are both intelligent men, although entirely without schooling after the age of twelve, but for all practical purposes they know economics as well as I do, they are alive to everything that goes on in the world, and can argue in a very convincing way. Slim, as his name implies, is tall and angular, and he has a very likeable manner, after one has known him for a little while. He served in the A. E. F. in France during the late war and he joined the I. W. W. after his return because, as he said, he was dissatisfied with the state of affairs and the way the war had turned out for everybody concerned. Smitty is short and fairly well built, and is also very likeable. Both men are intensely interested in the success of the I. W. W. and await with confidence the approach of the "New Society."

After supper to-night we talked for a little while around the stove although we didn't get into any arguments. Slim showed me his I. W. W. card to-night, and several of the others did also. These are little leather-covered books rather than cards. The first two or three pages are taken up by the preamble to the constitution and by the name of the bearer, and the number of the industrial union to which the worker belongs. The remaining pages of the red card are similar to those of a stamp-collector's book. When a member pays his dues for the month (\$1.00) he is given a stamp which he enters in the proper place in this book, so that he can show that he is a member in good standing. There are also places for contribution-stamps, for various defence and strike-funds. On one page in Smitty's book there were almost fifty dollars' worth of stamps.

After awhile some of the older men began to play poker, and Slim, Smitty and I went up to the village and entered the pool-hall, where we had a few games together.

Some of the less intelligent I. W. W., I find, look upon their red cards as a means of getting along more comfortably in their existence as "floaters." One old man in our car, for instance, was lying in his bunk this morning telling us all how glad he was that he was a Wobbly. "By Gawd," he said, "since I took out my Wobbly card I hain't had half the trouble I used to. There hain't been a — brackie that's thrown me off a box car—no, sir, not when he seen my red card. A fellow can't ride nohow these days without a card. Then when I was hungry, my red card would bring me a meal at a restaurant, and it's brung me in clothes, too."

This talk set the young men going. They got very irritated by it. "What in — do you think your red card is for?" I heard Slim say to the old man, "It ain't no meal-ticket. A man that thinks that's what it's for ain't no true Wobbly. Why don't you read up and get educated on our system, instead of playing poker in the evening? You ain't a true I. W. W. either if you gamble."

You don't want to take money away from your fellow-workers. What we want to do is to take it away from the boss."

Slim and Smitty and some of the other men live up to this doctrine. Nothing can persuade them to gamble. "Not that I think it's immoral," said Slim. "I don't give a — for that; but we object to the gambling of Wall Street, and call them parasites on society, so why should we gamble ourselves? It's against our system and hinders us from getting the New Society."

8 OCTOBER. We are all on the work train again to-day, and had another good time. We didn't argue so much as yesterday, but talked about things in general. This North Dakota country is very beautiful. Broad, expansive fields, some of them plowed so that the black earth is on the surface, others still in wheat-stubble or shocks of corn stretch out as far as the eye can see. Farm-houses are few and far between, as the farms are all very large. To-night I was not feeling very well, probably the result of over-eating!

9 OCTOBER. To-day I felt worse. I tried to work, and did so for an hour and a half, but then had to stop and come back into camp, where I lay in my bunk for the rest of the day.

10 OCTOBER (Sunday). I feel better to-day, so I worked, thinking that I need a little larger stake if I am to throw over this job to-night and go into Fargo, as several of us are planning to do.

11 OCTOBER. To-day four of us, Slim, Smitty, Logan (a Russian) and I drew our pay and came to Fargo on the early morning train. We first went up to the I. W. W. hall and looked at the literature there for a while. There were about a dozen other men hanging around the hall. About nine o'clock we wandered up to the bank and cashed our checks. Mine was very small, amounting to \$13.25. That with about \$5.00 that I already had made my stake about \$18.00. After cashing our checks, Slim and I went over to the post office and got our mail. Slim got a package and a letter from his mother, while I drew a half-dozen letters, most of them from home.

We then returned to the I. W. W. hall for an hour or so, talking and reading. The hall consists of one room downstairs, with a small place partitioned off by a rail for the secretary; and a couple of small rooms upstairs. One of these contained nothing but a large trunk. The other was the reading-room. It was well stocked with I. W. W. pamphlets and other radical publications. After a while I wandered forth to see about a shipment to Montana. Coming up from the depot, I had seen a sign in an employment-office, indicating a free-fare shipment to Montana, but when I got to the office, I found that there had been no shipments for three weeks. There was some work to be had around Fargo, in the city and on the farms, but I decided to stay around Fargo for a couple of days and get into shape (I was still suffering a little from my pie debauchery), and then go west in the only way in which a man without money can travel. The first thing I did towards getting into shape was to go to the Y. M. C. A. and take a good hot bath, followed by a swim in the tank and some clean clothes. At night I blew myself to a \$1.50 room at an hotel, as I wanted to enjoy a good, clean bed and a place where I could stay clean for a little while at least.

12 OCTOBER. This afternoon I took the trolley out to Dillworth, three or four miles away, to see if I could get a job firing or breaking on the railway, as I want to get a little railway-experience, but I met a couple of fellows who had been in to see about work and had found "everything filled up." So I returned to Fargo without even asking for a job. In Fargo I met Slim walking down the main street in a new suit of clothes which he had ordered some time ago and had finished paying for out of his Casselton stake. We walked down to the I. W. W. hall

together. When we got there, I began talking with Jack Terrill the Secretary, who is about to go to jail for seven years for being caught with an I. W. W. song-book in his possession; the purpose of this song-book, according to the charge against him, being "to fan the flames of discontent." He wanted to write me out a red card but when I told him my reasons against it he said he always thought better of anyone for wanting to study a movement before he got into it. "When a fellow isn't in too great a hurry to get in," he said, "but stays outside and studies awhile, then I know that if he does get in he will make a good member and will stick and won't have a card just to ride freights on."

Then he started to explain the movement. Everything he said sounded logical to me, except his argument that the workers had a right to take over all industry after they are organized into the "One Big Union." As I told him, I believe the world would be better off if the workers controlled the industries—provided they were capable of running them—but I was doubtful whether the workers had the right to take over something that had been saved by somebody else and invested. Then followed a long argument between Terrill and me, in which half-a-dozen men who were gathered around us, joined in. I can't remember all the points that were made in this connexion, although some of them were very good. Nevertheless I was not convinced.

At seven o'clock I left the hall, taking with me a pamphlet belonging to one of the men which I promised to return later in the evening. I went to the hotel, got my pack-sack and got a cheaper room at a lodging-place. After reading the pamphlet which was called, "A Report of the Industrial Relations Committee, 1914," I returned to the I. W. W. hall. The pamphlet was a digest of the Government report and contained many interesting facts and figures, such as "the rich" (two per cent of the population) own sixty per cent of the wealth; "the middle class," (thirty-three per cent of the population) own thirty-five per cent; "the poor" (sixty-five per cent of the population) own five per cent. That was in 1914.

POWERS HAPGOOD.

(To be continued.)

MISCELLANY.

I AM always interested in first impressions of America, and so when my newly-arrived British friend began writing to me about his new environment I added to my notebook a few of his impressions. He lived first in a New York tenement-square—one of these squares of clean-coloured brick on the East side that were originally designed for workmen's apartments and that now house many *estrays* of the arts. "The side of the square," he wrote, "at which one enters is, as it were, a bar that shuts one off from the anonymous New York street." Anonymous street and numbered street was the same to him in those early days! "One might say that one lived in a village. But it is a village in which there is neither hearth-stone nor fire-place! It is a village in which hardly two families have the same national tradition! It is a village in which the morning's news is read in Greek and Hungarian, in Italian, French and German, and many varieties of Slav." A polyglot community was new to him, and looking at it for the first time he had the thrill of an experience. He thought of his tenement-square as "a corner of the loom in which the fabric of American civilization is being woven. The men and women here have already vowed themselves to American civilization. But still some colour of far-off fatherlands appears about the square. A Greek has left a sign in his window, and the words look like a line out of the Odyssey. At a far angle of the square a curtain is fastened over a closed door—a beautiful curtain, one half purple with silver fringes and the other half white with gold fringes. Does it announce some festival? No. A friend tells me that there are Italians in the flat, and that the beautiful covering is put across the door because there is some one dead within. So significant is this congregation of nationalities,

so unusual is their renunciation, so powerful is their expectation, that one thinks that such a place should be a nursery of American art. A statue might be put up in the courtyard to signify their hope in their adopted country; frescoes might be painted on the high clean walls for memory of their fatherlands. So an art really related to the life of the American community might have a beginning. It might happen if this was a settlement really. But it is not a settlement, it is an encampment, and no one wants to leave mark or token of his sojourn here."

My sojourning friend thought at that time that the encampment had produced its poet in Arturo Giovannitti, but later he came to feel that Giovannitti was powerful only in his hatred. "He is not wholly personal in his outlook, for one detects influences from Nietzsche and Gorky; his rhythms are not inevitable; he is often not aware that the words he uses have lost their souls. But the hatred that is in him gives power to his verse; the shiver of the New York winter, the distress of the battered people who sit on benches around Union Square, the hatred of the starveling for the splendour and display of the millionaire, are in his verses." It was in Chicago that my friend came, as he thought, upon a manifestation of the true American spirit. It was during a strike of Elevated Railway men and surface-car operators, and he was struck by the fact that neither panic, nor impatience, nor ferocity had come near the crowds that had been left on the streets. He reminded himself that a million and a half of people had to get into and out of "The Loop"—"that bounded district where Chicago does its business." "The spirit of the crowd," he wrote me, "was as fine as could be: good humour, helpfulness and resourcefulness were present all the time."

HE had a chance of seeing the Chicago throng with fresh eyes. "The people waiting in the open spaces looked like crowds watching the course of some disastrous planet. Crowds marched across bridge beyond bridge, and in their full and unvarying lines they suggested the terrifying pictures of the Day of Judgment. One had an instinct that panic is not far off where there are crowds of such magnitude. But although masses of people were off the rail they had shunted into sidings of cheerfulness and good humour. I found a little mule cart with some chairs on it, secured a seat for half a dollar, and went on a careful journey to a railway-station. Certainly some of the vehicles in use looked like fragments of a circus-procession—high crates, say, painted red or yellow. Men and women were piled upon big motor-trucks, packed into furniture-vans, strung along wagons. Policemen on horses with stirrups leather-fronted, Mexican or Western fashion, paraded along the lines of the crowd. The great stores were transporting their girl workers; behind the crates or the steel nets of the motor-wagons these young women looked like the spoil of some barbarian conqueror."

My friend was struck, too, with the same spirit of co-operation when he went up the Rockies, and came into a little town six thousand feet up. "Everybody is helping to add something to the town. Is it a question of making a hostel in connexion with the Normal School? They give chairs and tables out of their own houses. There are no rich people here, and it is interesting to see what an American town without millionaires can do for itself. The Normal School is free and the students board in the town for four dollars a week. It is interesting to watch these students, who, living on ranches, away from the cities, make the nearest approach to the native, average American. They are robust and healthy. All have a feature that gives a certain amount of good looks, and one that the boys and girls of the British Isles are sadly lacking in—excellent teeth. The head of the literature-section tells me these young people read mainly the moderns. How wise! In our English schools we would be ashamed of paying attention to anyone who was less than twenty years dead. The Normal School is co-educational—boys and girls in the classes, boys and girls walking down the street to-

gether. They have none of our English restraints—the restraint of class, the restraint of a tradition of lack in opportunity, and as one watches them one wonders what these robust young people from the ranches will do with their town and with their State."

I HAVE always remembered Miss Doris Keane as an actress of considerable personal charm and natural endowment, who appeared almost ten years ago, with great popular success, in Mr. Edward Sheldon's play "Romance." From that day till this Miss Keane has been content to confine herself practically to that one drama, but now she has appeared at the Empire Theatre, New York, in a belated echo of Sardou, called "The Czarina," adapted by Mr. Sheldon from an Hungarian source. I have no knowledge of the original, but I fancy, from internal evidence, that Mr. Sheldon must have considerably improved it. However, it remains, at bottom, a hollow, sham-romantic, sham-historical piece of sheer theatrical carpentry, devised for the sole purpose of giving the actress who plays the part of Catherine of Russia an opportunity for an ample display of all the tricks of her trade. It is to the real drama of our modern day exactly what, let us say, the "mad scene" in "Lucia" is to modern opera—indeed, I more than half expected to hear a flute *obbligato*.

FURTHERMORE, it seems to me that in the past nine years Miss Keane has added nothing to her histrionic equipment. Her present method is neither more artfully subtle for psychological depiction, nor more vocally and physically robust and well controlled for the sweep and urge of large emotion. Parts of this drama she acts effectively, and much of it, by her conquering personal charm, she makes interesting. But parts of it she acts quite ineffectively from sheer lack of technical equipment, and one can not help but feel that a great deal of it could be acted much better by more experienced players. In other words, an old-fashioned piece of claptrap, filled with almost every known trick of the trade, and acted only moderately well by a popular but only partially equipped actress, comes to New York in 1922, and get itself acclaimed as a "triumph."

I CONFESS to a certain bewilderment in this connexion. Our critical apostles of the new generation confuse me when they suddenly rise up and call Sardou blessed. I thought that Sardou was a dead one, and I was quite happy about it. I even thought, after witnessing Mr. Bernard Shaw's "Cæsar and Cleopatra," and then his irresistibly comic play about this same Great Catherine, that henceforth history was going to be treated with some approach to a realistic point of view on the stage; I even thought, too, that we were not going to hail as "triumphs" of the drama, plays which make no appeal to the intelligence and have not a grain of sincerity in their entire composition. In other words, I thought the era of theatrical flabdoodle was done for, as far as this wise, new generation is concerned.

BUT no! There I sat at the theatre, watching a pretty actress go through a set of paces which I had watched a hundred of her predecessors go through, doing it as well as the run of them, but not nearly as well as the outstanding few of them, and I felt that surely the new generation of critics would rise up and tell the truth about it. Of course I, myself, could not very well do it, because if anybody old enough to have seen Booth and Modjeska undertakes to criticize, he signs his own death-warrant. But nothing of the sort happened. The new generation, bless them, had a perfectly gorgeous time, they swallowed play and players, hook, line and sinker, and proclaimed with one accord a dramatic masterpiece, triumphantly acted. Such are the facts about "The Czarina." It is excellent entertainment, of a purely ephemeral sort, and can hardly fail to be popular, for such stuff always has been. But it has no significance whatever in the modern theatre, and to hear it hailed by the youngsters as a triumph, is to make at least one old-timer despair.

JOURNEYMAN.

MUSIC.

THE PARADOX OF BEETHOVEN: I.

THE appearance at last, in 1920, of an edition in English of that "Life of Beethoven" which, though recognized as authoritative ever since it began to appear in German over half a century ago, has had to wait until now for publication in the language of its American author, Alexander Thayer, marks the happy conclusion of a curious literary episode. That an American should have been able to produce, in the middle of the nineteenth century when our musical life was so primitive, the standard biography of the great German composer, is in itself noteworthy. But that this book should never have been completed by him, that he should never have been paid a dollar for what gradually became the chief work of his life, and that it should not have appeared in English until nearly twenty-five years after his death—all this is not only strange, but to Americans of musical feeling a matter for uncomfortably mingled pride and humiliation.

Alexander Wheelock Thayer, born in 1817 and graduated at Harvard in 1843, made in two visits to Europe in 1849-51 and 1854-56 such valuable researches in the life of Beethoven that Dr. Lowell Mason and Mrs. Mehetabel Adams gave him financial help towards establishing himself permanently abroad. He later supported himself by entering the consular service, living for many years at Trieste, devoting all his leisure to his beloved study, facilitated by such remarkable tributes to its value as the sending to Trieste by the Royal Library of Berlin of the Conversation Books used by Beethoven in the years of his deafness. The first volume of the biography, translated into German and edited by Dr. Hermann Deiters, appeared in 1866; the second in 1872; the third in 1879. Then Thayer's health failed. He gave up his post in 1882 "because," as he said, "of utter inability longer to continue Beethoven work and official labour together." Even so he could not command the strength needed.

I am now compelled [he wrote to Sir George Grove in 1895] to relinquish all hope of ever being able to do the work. There are two great difficulties to be overcome: the one is that all the letters and citations are in the original German . . . ; the other, there is much to be condensed. . . . I am continually in conflict with all previous writers and was compelled, therefore, to show in my text that I was right. . . . Now the case is changed. A. W. T.'s novelties are now, with few exceptions, accepted as facts and can, in the English edition, be used as such. . . . I have no expectation of ever receiving any pecuniary recompense for my forty years of labour, for my years of poverty arising from the costs of my extensive researches.

Thayer died in 1897. Meanwhile a revised German edition of the biography, begun by Deiters and continued after his death by Dr. Hugo Riemann, was carried to completion, on the basis of Thayer's papers, in 1911. By 1914 Mr. Henry E. Krehbiel, of the New York *Tribune*, who had worked much with Thayer, had completed an English text, based upon the author's original manuscripts and this revised German edition, and had even written an Introduction for it, dated July, 1914. A postscript to this, in the present edition, dated September, 1920, explains that the war postponed publication still once more, and that now at last, seventy-two years after Thayer began his researches, his work is published in his own language, thanks to the financial assistance of the Beethoven Society of New York, a group of musicians

giving their services without pay, and devoting to this high purpose the proceeds of their season of 1920-21. Such is the story of the strange vicissitudes of Thayer's "Beethoven."

The book is an admirable one. "I fight for no theories," said its author, "and cherish no prejudices; my sole point of view is the truth." It was no idle boast, nor was the point of view suggested an easy one of attainment in dealing with a life so idealized out of all likeness to reality by generations of sentimentalists. Thayer's method is the indefatigably minute collection of all the evidence. Mr. Krehbiel remarks in a note, for example:

Thayer made practically a complete transcript of the Conversation Books [of which Schindler had saved 138 out of the 400 left by Beethoven] laboriously deciphering the frequently hieroglyphic scrawls, and compiled a mass of supplementary material for the purpose of fixing the chronological order of the conversations. The dates of all concerts and other public events alluded to were established by the examination of newspapers and other contemporaneous records . . .

He had the true scientist's preference for the pettiest fact to the most specious fancy, combined with inexhaustible patience in tracing every scrap of paper and unravelling every knot of error and misunderstanding; and his book thus becomes the permanent authoritative source for Beethoven's life. Its defects are trivial, when weighed against this supreme merit of impartiality and scientific realism. They are, first, that save for the professional investigator its pages are almost surcharged with details, most of them highly unimportant in isolation, and having for the casual reader little apparent bearing upon each other; second, that such attempts as are made to philosophize these findings, and to build up a theory of the strangely paradoxical character outlined, are based on a Victorian view of ethics and psychology, and leave many puzzles unresolved. This is the more to be regretted in that Beethoven would be an incomparable "case" for study by modern psycho-analytic methods.

Were such a study made, one feels after a careful reading of Thayer that it might take as its point of departure the conception of Beethoven as a man of innate nobility and generosity of character, constantly thwarted, balked, and exasperated in all his dealings with the world, and at last disastrously—so far as his own happiness was concerned—thrown in upon himself by a complete lack of social discipline. In paradoxical contrast with this external failure would appear the marvellous inner success achieved by a self-imposed discipline in music. One here conceives discipline, of course, not as the imposition of any arbitrary external authority—which Beethoven would have been splendidly right in rejecting—but as a self-sought technique for dealing with the world about one, and consequently a prerequisite of freedom. Not acquiring this, he was not free but a slave, the slave of his own moods and whims. There is something almost mad in his subjection to his own high temper, even when there is righteousness in his anger. Förster relates that in 1802, not long after Beethoven first came to Vienna to live, he was playing with Förster, four hands, some marches of his at the house of Count Browne. Young Count Browne disturbed him by conversation with a lady. "Beethoven, after several efforts had vainly been made to secure quiet, suddenly took my hands from the keys in the middle of the music, jumped up, and said very loudly, 'I will not play for such swine!'"

As he grew older his fits of fury grew ever more unmanageable and more unreasonable, and were

¹ "The Life of Ludwig van Beethoven." Alexander Wheelock Thayer. Edited, revised, and amended by Henry Edward Krehbiel. Three volumes. Published by the Beethoven Association, New York, 1920. \$20.00.

directed often against his closest friends. At a rehearsal of "Fidelio" in 1805, Prince Lobkowitz unwisely made light of the absence of the third bassoon. "This so enraged the composer," says Thayer, "that, as he passed the Lobkowitz place, on his way home, he could not restrain the impulse to turn aside and shout in at the great door of the palace, 'Lobkowitz ass!'" His regular epithet for his publishers was "hell-hounds," and he was especially fond of the phrase "hell-hounds who lick and gnaw my brains." The increasing deafness of his last years inflamed his suspiciousness of those most loyal to his interests until in 1824, after Lichnowsky, Schuppanzigh and Schindler had met at his rooms to arrange the first performance of the Ninth Symphony, he sent them the three famous notes:

To Lichnowsky: "I despise treachery. Do not visit me again. No concert."

To Schuppanzigh: "Let him¹ not visit me more. I shall give no concert."

To Schindler: "I request you not to come again until I send for you. No concert."

It is worthy of note that by this time the friends paid little attention to such outbursts. They proceeded with the arrangements for the concert, which was given with great artistic success. Beethoven, however, was dissatisfied with the financial returns. He gave a dinner to Schindler, Umlauf (who had conducted, Beethoven being now prevented from conducting by his deafness) and Schuppanzigh.

He had ordered an 'opulent' meal, [says Thayer] but no sooner had the party sat down to table than the 'explosion which was imminent' came. In plainest terms he burst out with the charge that the management and Schindler had cheated him. Umlauf and Schuppanzigh tried to convince him that this was impossible... Beethoven persisted... Schindler and Umlauf left the room. Schuppanzigh remained behind just long enough to get a few stripes on his broad back and then joined his companions in misery. Together they finished their meal at a restaurant in the Leopoldstadt.

Such irrational anger and lack of self-control is mad—or rather it is childish; and almost equally childish were the outbursts of exaggerated remorse with which Beethoven, especially in his younger years, often reacted against these fits of petulance. He writes to his friend Wegeler of Bonn days, for instance, in terms both ludicrous and pathetic:

Dearest! Best! In what an odious light you have exhibited me to myself! I acknowledge it, I do not deserve your friendship... You think that I have lost some of my goodness of heart, but, thank Heaven! it was no intentional or deliberate malice which induced me to act as I did towards you; it was my inexcusable thoughtlessness which did not permit me to see the matter in its true light. O, how ashamed I am, not only for your sake but also for my own. O let me say for myself, I was always good, and always strove to be upright and true in my actions—otherwise, how could you have loved me? Could I have changed so fearfully for the worse in such a short time? Impossible: these feelings of goodness and love of righteousness can not have died for ever in me in a moment.

And so on, at great length. Yet Beethoven is right: even through the turgid emotionalism of his sentences we feel an essentially noble heart, pathetically untrained, tragically at the mercy of its own fluctuating moods.

Indeed, how could we expect it to be otherwise when we study his early years? His childhood, the period of supreme importance, as Freud has shown, in the fixing of mental peculiarities, could hardly have been more unfavourable. His father, weak, dissipated, and

greedy, incited by the brilliant career of Mozart as a boy prodigy, exploits him from very babyhood. "Cäcilia Fischer," quotes Thayer from Hennes, "still sees him, a tiny boy, standing on a footstool in front of the clavier," and "Herr Burgmaster Windeck... saw the little Louis van Beethoven standing in front of the clavier and weeping." On 26 March, 1778, the father announces that he will "have the honour to present his little son of six years [*sic*] who will contribute various clavier-concertos and trios." The composer was really seven years old in the preceding December. Thayer considers that the father falsified the age to enhance the éclat of the performance. At about eleven "all other studies were abandoned in favour of music." At about the same period, often when Pfeiffer, his teacher, "came with Beethoven, the father, from the wine-house late at night, the boy was roused from sleep and kept at the pianoforte until morning." No wonder he was "a shy and taciturn boy, the necessary consequence of the life apart that he led, observing more and pondering more than he spoke, and disposed to abandon himself entirely to the feelings awakened by music and later by poetry and to the pictures created by fancy." His mother died when he was sixteen. Two years later the father's drunkenness obliged Beethoven, not yet quite nineteen, but the eldest of three brothers, to petition the Elector to make him the responsible head of his family. About three years later still, the end of this unfortunate parent is commemorated in a casual sentence in a letter of the Elector-Archbishop of Bonn: "The revenues of the liquor-excite have suffered a loss in the deaths of Beethoven and Eichhoff."

The significance of all this is that Beethoven, as a high-strung boy, met at every turn by irrational severity or equally irrational indulgence—for we may guess that so foolish a father must sometimes have "spoiled" so profitable a son—missed irretrievably the smooth functioning in his environment that, could he have achieved it, would have won him, thanks to his far more than ordinary intellectual powers, a rare measure of peace and happiness. Instead of this, he found himself ever more thwarted and balked, more and more cut off and thrown back on himself, more and more the victim of a sharp division in his world, his "me" standing trenchantly opposed to his milieu. For one naturally high-spirited and inclined to pride, this was a calamitous misfortune.

Anecdotes and letters of the middle period point to an almost insane inflammation of the "me" sense. Beethoven lived for some time in the house of his patron, Prince Lichnowsky.

The Prince [relates Wegeler] once directed his serving man that if ever he and Beethoven should ring at the same time the latter was to be first served. Beethoven heard this, and the same day engaged a servant for himself. In the same manner, once when he took a whim to learn to ride, which speedily left him, the stable of the Prince being offered him, he bought a horse.

A contemporary account of his rivalry with the pianist Wölfl concludes: "Wölfl enjoys an advantage because of his amiable bearing, contrasted with the somewhat haughty pose of Beethoven." Haydn nicknamed him "The Great Mogul," and Frau von Barnhard tells of his "refusing to play, when Countess Thun, Prince Lichnowsky's mother, a very eccentric woman, had fallen on her knees before him as he lay on the sofa, to beg him to." We have another picture of Beethoven in these early Vienna days, in one of his own letters, often quoted. Describing a walk with Goethe when

¹ Beethoven habitually used the third person with Schuppanzigh.

they were met by the entire Imperial family, he remarks:

Goethe withdrew his arm from mine, in order to stand aside. . . . I pressed down my hat more firmly on my head, buttoned up my greatcoat, and, crossing my arms behind me, I made my way through the thickest portion of the crowd. Princes and courtiers formed a line for me; Archduke Rudolph took off his hat and the Empress bowed to me first

—and this rather absurdly boyish account ends with the boast “These great ones of the earth *know me*.” —Beethoven’s own italics. Prince Lobkowitz once reminded him, when he had been saying that he ought not to have to bargain with his publishers, as Goethe and Händel did not bargain with theirs, that he had not as yet their authority and reputation. He replied: “With men who will not believe and trust in me because I am as yet unknown to universal fame, I can not hold intercourse!”

Here Beethoven appears certainly not devoid of a lovable high spirit, a kind of rough nobility, but dangerously undisciplined, ominously unable to communicate on equal terms with others. His statement regarding his friends in a letter of about this time: “I value them only by what they do for me. . . . I look upon them only as instruments upon which I play when I feel so disposed,” though it doubtless must not be taken too literally, is rightly regarded by Thayer with consternation, and may be compared with this Nietzschean pronouncement: “I want none of your moral precepts, for power is the morality of men who loom above the others.” Never having been trained to see things from other angles than his own, and being gradually more and more cut off from intercourse by his deafness and his absorption in his work, he finally became quite isolated and helpless, unable to manage any social situation, a comical and sometimes a tragic victim of that strange outer world that he yearned towards but could not grasp. So far as his social relations went, his life was aborted at every turn by his complete lack of the technique that only discipline could have won him. In his music alone are revealed the priceless treasures of nobility and tenderness hidden beneath that repellent mask.

DANIEL GREGORY MASON.

(To be concluded.)

LETTERS TO THE EDITORS.

MR. VAN LOON RISES TO EXPLAIN.

SIRS: *Peccavi*. I offer my humble apologies to your correspondent, Emily Z. Friedkin, and to the many other kind critics who have drawn my attention to a number of inexcusable mistakes in the “Story of Mankind.” There is no excuse for the Schubert-Schumann mix-up. As a matter of fact, the correct composer was accredited with the correct composition in the proof. By what proof-reading miracle the wrong man crept into print I know not and probably never shall discover.

The other mistakes are entirely due to the dangerous risks which I took when I wrote the book. I tried very hard to get a certain rhythm into this little work. For that purpose I wrote it almost from memory. The ever faithful *Ploetz* provided me with dates but that excellent *Overgymnasial-lehrer* is none too reliable a guide when it comes to symphonies and sonatas. As a result I talked about the Fifth Symphony as having been dedicated to the Emperor Napoleon when I meant the Third in F (if I am not mistaken) and probably got confused with the Fifth Piano Concerto which (if I am correct) is commonly called the Emperor Concerto. This method also accounts for the fact that I improved upon God’s handiwork and made the orang-outang a native of Africa (meaning all the time the gorilla) and being undoubtedly influenced by an early familiarity with orang-outangs who, as natives of Borneo and Sumatra were, so to speak, my fellow-citizens. It was responsible also for the gruesome double death of Hannibal who dies in the text to come back again to life in a picture. It made Bernadotte

commit adultery and get a couple of wives when that excellent Frenchman seems to have been satisfied with one official spouse. I got into trouble with the Romanov family about the relationship between grandson Peter and his great-grandfather. And many other gruesome things that still live in the dark oblivion of the familiar printed page.

These mistakes would have been corrected long before this if we had been given a chance. But the plates were never off the press long enough to enable us to remove these terrible blemishes. Finally, in despair, the publisher decided to print a double edition and spend a week upon recantation and reform. I can only thank my lucky stars that my critics have been so very indulgent. I am, etc.,

Yellow Springs, Ohio.

HENDRIK WILLEM VAN LOON.

ARISTOPHANES UP-TO-DATE.

SIRS: The following is submitted with reference to the late Washington conference:

DIC. Aye, why let them roar!

You’ve brought the treaties?

AMPH. Aye, three samples of ‘em;

This here is a five years growth, taste it and try.

DIC. Don’t like it!

AMPH. Eh?

DIC. Don’t like it; it won’t do;

There’s an uncommon ugly twang of pitch,

A touch of naval armament about it.

AMPH. Well here’s a ten years growth, may suit you better.

DIC. No, neither of them. There’s a sort of sourness

Here in this last, a taste of acid embassies,

And rapid allies turning to vinegar.

—ARISTOPHANES, “The Acharnians.”

(Frere’s translation).

I am, etc.,

Chicago, Illinois.

J. L. ELDRIDGE.

HOPE SPRINGS ETERNAL.

SIRS: It seems to me that you underrate the positive results of the Washington conference. It did not do everything and its adjustments are less important than its effect in clearing the air. Besides its reduction of senseless expenses—more burdensome in all the other countries concerned even than here—it pricked the whole bubble of international rivalry which seemed to be fast following its natural course—rivalry, lies, fear, hate, war. The efforts of militarists and other, even worse, mischief-makers in America as well as in Japan, were heading straight towards conflict. A quarter of the people of Japan were expecting an attack at any time, and timid idiots in this country had a reciprocal feeling. It is the militarism of America which has kept that of Japan in the saddle in spite of the efforts of her democrats and of her serious business men.

There is no disagreement between America and Japan which could not be settled in a day by free discussion, and the Washington conference opened the way to this. As for the rest, there are apparently but two forces which may redeem China: her own efforts to be worth saving; and “a decent respect for the opinions of mankind” which may be brought to bear on her exploiters. I am, etc.,

Palo Alto, California.

DAVID STARR JORDAN.

“THE TRUTH ABOUT ART.”

SIRS: Mr. Edwin Muir’s article, “The Truth About Art,” in your issue of 15 February, contains much truth, and stimulating truth. His attack upon the neo-classical point of view, except for the fact that it is aimed at a feckless and emasculated adversary, is expressed with much skill. But woven into the very fabric of his assertions are a number of half-truths, the more dangerous because of their emphatic position; half-truths which thin voices have echoed and re-echoed time without number since the appearance of the *Romantische Schule*. Novice as I am in matters of art and criticism, I can not but think that statements like, “All that men in their hearts finally call art is pure music, pure fancy. . . . The aspiration of art is towards absolute meaninglessness: all the rest is solemn unreality. . . . It [art] seeks to become absolutely unnecessary, absolutely delightful: something beyond what is needed by man of God,” etc., come from fundamentally soft thinking. They are the fruit of the mood of desperation.

Pater, whom Mr. Muir credits with being the first to utter these thoughts, but who nevertheless received them from Wackenroder and those immediately following him, was much harder-headed. Some years after he had written the essay, “The School of Giorgione,” propounding the Musical Law, he came to realize the inadequacy of the idea that “All art

constantly aspires towards the condition of music" (the words and italics are Pater's); and he wrote as follows in his "Essay on Style":

The distinction between great art and good art depends immediately, as regards literature at all events, not on the form, but on the matter. . . . It is on the quality of the matter it informs or controls, its compass, its variety, its alliance to great ends, or the depth of the note of revolt, or the largeness of hope in it, that the greatness of literary art depends, as 'The Divine Comedy,' 'Paradise Lost,' 'Les Misérables,' the English Bible, are great art.

Nor is art meaningless, as Mr. Muir would have us believe. It is far more than playful nonsense. Such an assertion is psychologically unsound. That which the cultivated man, and it is he who is most concerned with art, accepts as the means not of his delight merely, but even more for the extension of his imaginative experience, is not "meaningless." This kind of man is too much of a reasoning animal. He would not identify his complete self, which he does in one manner or another with every work of art, with the nonsensical.

The *l'art-pour-l'art* theory has long run the gamut of its existence. The nineteenth century has witnessed its inadequacy time and again. Art can not long feed upon itself without self-destruction. Yet many of our talented critics are again expounding this theory as if it were new and untried. Why disturb the ashes of what was without life from the first? Why not rather study what modern art expresses, or fails to express? I am, etc.,

Cambridge, Massachusetts.

CHARLES A. MADISON.

THE CANCELLATION OF THE BRITISH DEBT.

SIRS: As an English radical I have long ago given up trying to understand why so many of my opposite numbers in the United States adopt as their standpoint in international affairs an Anglophobia which would have heartened the Democrats of the days of the Venezuela dispute. But I would not have been moved to refer to a small manifestation of this tendency in your issue of 11 January, had it not been for the importance of the subject touched upon.

In a review of an anonymous and unimportant work called "The Glass of Fashion," you admitted to your columns the following remark, "Since we now know that no sooner was the armistice signed than the British Premier began to importune the United States Government for permission to repudiate the British debt to America. . . ." I should like to know whence that knowledge comes. The facts are that the British Government let the United States Treasury know that if the United States Government waived their claims for repayment of the British debt to America, thus relieving Great Britain of a debt of 4500 million dollars, the British Government would do the same with the debts due to them from their Allies, which amount to about 7100 million dollars or, omitting Russia, to about 4880 million dollars. This suggestion was not followed up, as it met with no response, but I have good reason for believing that it still represents British policy.

As an Englishman I am, therefore, more ready to contemplate this aspect of British policy than certain others. I do not think American radicals can say the same of their country's policy in the matter. If they think they can, I will not attempt myself to argue with them, but will content myself by referring them to the relevant pages in the last chapter of Mr. J. M. Keynes's book "The Revision of the Treaty." I am, etc.,

London, England.

G. E. TOULMIN.

THE reviewer writes: "In the statement of which your correspondent complains I did not criticize the British Premier for any suggestion he may have made regarding the cancellation of the Allied debt to this country. As a matter of fact, I believe that the collection at any time of these billions of dollars is virtually impossible. Though cancellation would subject American taxpayers from whom the money was wrung under at least fourteen false pretences, to 'cruel and unusual punishment,' there is little doubt that the payment of the debt would so disrupt American business as to cause even more serious and widespread economic embarrassment than would repudiation. Nevertheless, in common with most American radicals, I can not stomach Mr. Lloyd George's public denunciations of the Russian Soviet Government for its reluctance to assume the debt incurred by the Tsar to maintain his despotism in Russia, while at the same time Mr. George was bending his energies to effect a repudiation of his own Government's debt to the American taxpayers. Surely it may be assumed that your correspondent, in common with other English radicals, is concerned to denounce such hypocrisy."

"For the fact it is scarcely necessary to quote more than one instance of official record. The Secretary of the United States Treasury, Mr. Mellon, before the Senate Committee on Finance at Washington, D. C., 14 July, 1921, in reply to Senator La Follette, read two proposals, which had been made to the United States Government by responsible officers of the British Government, asking for cancellation of the Allied debt to the United States. One was a cablegram from Mr. Austen Chamberlain, then Chancellor of the Exchequer, to an officer of the American Treasury Department, dated 9 February, 1920; the other was a letter from Mr. Lloyd George to President Wilson, dated 5 August,

1920, in which the Premier made it plain that his communication was only the culmination of previous proposals made by his Government to American representatives. On this occasion Mr. Lloyd George's proposal was in effect that the Allied debt be substituted for the uncollectible German indemnity. Considering the vast spoils accruing to both British and French imperialism from the war it is scarcely remarkable that even the complaisant Mr. Wilson did not accede to this ingenious suggestion."

BOOKS.

THREE NOVELS.

FROM the qualities exhibited in Mr. Benét's novel "The Beginning of Wisdom,"¹ one would say that there are about equal chances of the author writing a fine book or of just becoming an additional member of the powerful fiction-producing industry. He has many contacts with literature and he has one quality rare in American writing and probably rare in American life—ecstasy; it gives a glow to the whole book and lifts a few pages to a quite remarkable height. This is notable in a country where no one except Edgar Allan Poe has written an ecstatic love-poem, and no one except Mr. Vachel Lindsay has a genuine rapture for any continued length of time.

One suspects that the teachers of all religions have been right and that ecstasy is the gift of the gods to self-control and never to self-surrender. It is obvious that there is something fine and disciplined about the mind and spirit that conceived this book, unimportant as it is in many ways—unimportant, because it is the book of a very young man, and because it has little profundity, little invention, and that optimistic self-satisfaction which seems to be common to all the young after-war writers in this country. The end of the poet-hero's ambition is a sort of *Ladies'-Home-Journal* domesticity that is not to be conceived of in a novel by a young European. The last section of the book is poor, but the first is distinguished by a love-episode conceived and written on a plane that actually recalls, if but for a brief moment, the love-scene between Richard and Lucy in "The Ordeal of Richard Feverel." It has a winged emotion that thrills through several pages and then becomes a poem of three stanzas—a poem in that rich, extravagant sort of language that Coleridge declared to be one of the most promising signs in a young poet. As for the general content of the book, it has the usual ingredients of a young man's novel—college, love, "dangerous" radical opinions, the corrupting older woman who tries to entice the hero from the path of virtue, with that common addition in recent American books—the "movies."

One is rather tempted to describe the contents of "The Beginning of Wisdom" in the terms in which the director of the "movies" describes the scenario in which the hero is to play—"young college-man stuff, nothing flighty nor wild, clean comedy with a bunch of heart-throbs." But in addition it has qualities which make one genuinely concerned about and interested in Mr. Benét's future. The glow that is in the book, its easy, happy style, its optimism, are certainly qualities that will make the magazine-editors run after him in a desire to offer him and his youth as a burnt-offering to their readers—or is it to their advertisers? The devil may dangle before Mr. Benét the vision of the rewards that come to the captains of the fiction-writing industry, but one can easily prophesy that if he despised them, and lavished all that was in him on a handful of songs, and perhaps a book or two of prose, he would at least have a chance of cutting a figure of some real importance. There is a legend of every popular writer that he once wrote a promising book, and then got corrupted by the editors or the publish-

¹ "The Beginning of Wisdom." Stephen Vincent Benét. New York: Henry Holt & Co. \$1.90.

ers. In a country where standards of living among artists are set by boxers and moving-picture actors, who are somehow in the minds of the public confused with artists, and where money and publicity are regarded as the real rewards of art, how many are going to have the courage to sit in an attic "in the first floor down the chimney," and struggle to transmute their emotion into language until at length they "come unto their strength" and "words obey their call"?

More extraordinary, perhaps, than the phase of civilization which produces the fiction-writing industry is the phase that can produce the mind behind "Brass: a Novel of Marriage." This is a very solemnly written and seriously conceived book, for the author patently believes that he has a mission to humanity. It seems that other people have been brought to believe it too; we have Mr. Vance of the *Pictorial Review*, who, according to his own statement, did not go to bed till he had finished it and had written to the author, "Man, man, you've written a great big book!" It is a big book—an enormous book—452 closely-printed pages, containing some one hundred and eighty thousand words. Fellow-writers also offer salutations. Miss Fannie Hurst, to be sure, having devoted her talents chiefly to story-writing, is a little baffled for theories of æsthetics when she turns her mind to the higher criticism. But she finds that Mayor Hylan, in his famous "art-artists" *pronunciamento*, has provided her with the very ideas and almost the very language she needed. So she picks up her pen and writes: "It rides Norris into the rank of the foremost American novelists, not on any of the artificially stimulated ripples created by the Art for God Sakers' rocking the boat, but on the booming wave of truth." The delighted publishers scatter this broadcast together with the above-mentioned damp-eyed epistle of Mr. Vance.

The author's mission is to persuade people of the evil of divorce: this much we gather from the advertisements and from the quotations from Browning on the wrapper. There is nothing actually in the book to suggest this, except a few statistics and arguments in the mouth of a garrulous clergyman, who is dragged in at the end of the story, and a vague feeling in the mind of Philip Baldwin, the hero, that he ought to have stuck to his first wife. At the end of the book, almost every man in it has been married and divorced a few times, or has lived a life of simple lasciviousness. So one gathers that it is not polygamy the author is against. In no other country but America would a man with absolutely no literary sense and no sense of beauty think of writing a large and solemn novel instead of devoting his mental faculties to the insurance or the sewing-machine business. The author's mind is as wax before every ugly and futile impression, and he chronicles all of them with a slow, ponderous, repetitious, heaped-up detail; he leaves out nothing insignificant and puts in nothing significant. It is a most remarkable case of a man not seeing the wood for the trees. The result of it all is a book of incredible flabby, fleshy ugliness and vulgarity.

Be it understood, however, there is nothing in "Brass" that could seriously offend Mr. Sumner, or that would fire the imagination of the Rev. Dr. Straton; the lasciviousness is genteel and Calvinistic; yet it would be impossible to imagine anything more wingless and degrading than the relationship between Mrs. Grotenberg and Philip Baldwin, or, for that matter, than any of the relationships between the men and women in the book: everything is simply on a lower spiritual plane than the average reached by mankind.

I do not deny that there is an ability and organizing power shown in the book, but it is an ability and a power that has no relationship to literature. An acute power of deliberate external observation, an ant-like industry, and a ponderous number of notebooks must have gone to the making of this work—interesting things in themselves, but again, quite unrelated to literature. The English style is such as the *Family Herald* a quarter of a century ago made easy of manipulation: "His strong arms took her gracious person tenderly into the big circle of his embrace."

Is it necessary to say that such a book is lacking in sincerity? We can conceive of the author as laughing to scorn a suggestion that this monumental, hard-wrought work is insincere. But it is. There is a good deal of unconscious revelation, as in the description of the appalling room of the cultured Miss Rowland who undertakes to provide Philip with *kultur*. The scene in which she makes the offer is astonishing. "He waved his big hand toward the walls and about the room. 'These things mean something', he continued earnestly; 'I know that, and I know it would take years and years to learn about 'em—but it isn't as though I didn't care.'" What he saw was the following:

A large corner of it was occupied by the black-cased grand piano whose ebony lustre was partly concealed by an old, frayed piece of curtain that once had hung in the palaces of the Doges. Its crimson-and gold-embroidered texture was cluttered with piles of opera-scores, song-albums, and tattered sheet-music. Heavy furniture, satin-brocaded, and tufted tapestry were huddled back-to-back, shoved against the crowded table, or in front of the doors of the glass cabinet stocked with miniature ornaments and china. On one side the room was filled with low book-shelves, their contents spilling over, curtained with more of the rich stuff that draped the piano. Above the book-shelves, crowding the wall-spaces, was a heterogeneous collection of pictures: reproductions of paintings by Burne-Jones, Abbey's murals from the Boston Public Library, photographs of Browning and Carlyle, the Brontë sisters, Richard Wagner, Sir Henry Irving, and a heavily framed oil copy of the Sistine Madonna. Upon the book-case itself stood a bust of Beethoven, a Della Robbia plaque, a Florentine oil-lamp, a wood-carving of the Lion of Lucerne, a small seven-branched brass candlestick, and a plaster cast of a Greek frieze of dancing nymphs. In the embrasure of the window was placed the low tea-table with a shiny brass kettle emitting faint scarves of vapoury steam, and surrounded by a variegated assortment of cups. Through the half-opened door that led into the back bedroom, Philip caught a glimpse of a canopied bed, and in the corner a small shrine with a silver crucifix and a china conch for holy water, before which waved the dim flame of a wax taper, afloat in oil.

"You think it is all unattainable, Mr. Baldwin," she said intensely, "but it *isn't* so! . . . All literature, all poetry, all music may be yours for the asking. You've *got* the only thing that's essential, the key to unlock the doors of the treasury: the desire to know—the love—the urge!"

It is like coming to the shadow of a rock in a weary land to move from this to the disciplined art of "To Let." Here once more Mr. John Galsworthy writes of the Forsytes and of a Soames Forsyte who had given up wearing top-hats, "because it was no use attracting attention to wealth in days like these." The world indeed had given up wearing top-hats, and was "a hurly-burly of bad manners and loose morals," a sinister sign of a new age from which the Forsytes were fading. It is a beautiful book, with its fine subtle prose, and fine subtle characterization and emotion. The writing is, perhaps, a little overdone; the whole manner a little lacking in vigour, and sicklied

¹ "To Let." John Galsworthy. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. \$2.00.

² "Brass." Charles G. Norris. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. \$2.00.

over with that sentimentality which was always Mr. Galsworthy's cardinal fault. The lack of vigour is well suited to this novel of a dying or changing civilization, with its exquisite workmanship, its delicate satire, its occasional lyricism. The beauty is undoubtedly a little worn, the Forsytes are a little self-conscious of their interest in all beautiful things, a little conscious of their breeding, with their women always a little genteel; they are not really so civilized or so patrician as the family group in Miss E. B. C. Jones's distinguished novel, "Quiet Interior." There has always been something a trifle offensive about Mr. Galsworthy's Forsytes; they were too easily a prey to prejudices to seem quite like gentlemen. In this book the French return to their place—to the villains they have always been to the English mind.

The work of all important writers gives us a dream or a revelation or both. Mr. Galsworthy was never of the class that gives us the dream, but in this series of novels on the Forsytes he has most subtly given us a revelation. When Fleur Forsyte says, "I think all beauty is swift," it is as if all that the Forsytes, in all their generations, ever learned from life is in that remark; the wisdom of the sad ones who wrote poetry, and of the strange ones who turned to art, and of the inarticulate ones like Soames who felt so profoundly and so lastingly, and never got what they wanted.

Yet for all that there is in this book, one can hardly believe that Americans can learn much from Mr. Galsworthy; if books like his make all American books seem crude, even the crudest American book makes his seem insular, for despite the paucity of emotion, something of the bigness of this vast continent, with its immense spaces and its conglomeration of races, is in all recent American writings. The bigness, perhaps, crushes and dwarfs the people, but it is something which, when it becomes articulate in literature, will make American writing so different from English that one can hardly feel there is much the American can learn from English writing except its old aristocratic discipline.

MARY M. COLUM.

THE MILITARY ROAD TO PEACE.

THE only hope of maintaining peace among nations, declares Lieutenant-Colonel Vestal, in his book "The Maintenance of Peace," is by the old way of the balance of power. Disarmament is a dream, says the Colonel; armies are indispensable for the preservation of internal peace; they do not exist primarily for international exigencies. Colonel Vestal presents us with a choice of three roads to peace: (1) a confederation of the nations, which in his view would be futile and unworkable; (2) a world-imperialism imposing a Pax Britannica or a Pax Americana or a Pax Japonica and (3) the maintenance of a balance of power, based on an international agreement which would insure armed interposition by the rest of the nations against any aggressive power.

"A mutual guarantee of territorial integrity and independence," says Colonel Vestal, "would insure the international peace of the world—co-operation, not rivalry in the world. The desire to get the first blow would be quelled by the fear of setting in motion the active hostility of many nations." Such childlike faith in "scraps of paper" seems incredible in these latter days, yet here it is expressed not in some dreamer's fancy but as the profound conviction of a hard-headed military man.

The greater part of Colonel Vestal's book is taken up with an interesting historical review of the working of the principle of the balance of power throughout the ages. On the subject of arbitration the Colonel expresses his opinion thus: "The demand for arbitration is due to want

of conception of the philosophy of history, to a lack of insight into the real causes that underlie political changes, and to inability to penetrate below the surface and grasp the true relations of things."

On the question of the neutralization of small States we read: "The fate of Belgium should be enough to unseal the eyes and shake the hearts of the most idyllic devotees of unarmed neutrality." Making the world safe for democracy, according to the gallant Colonel, does not mean making it safe from war, for "the democratic States have, in every age, been the most warlike and the most inclined to aggression upon their neighbours."

Advocates of disarmament will find cold comfort in these pages, and the author is at his best, one feels, on the subject of "pacifist delusions."

The pacifists [he declares] were the authors of the evils which have desolated the four quarters of the globe since 1914; all the blood that has been shed rests upon their heads. . . . The pacifist by his willingness to submit to the bandit, thinks that he preserves peace, but his logic is at fault. By his cowardly surrender he merely increases the number of the bandit's subjects, hence the number of instruments at the bandit's command for still more widely spreading war. . . . The pacifists teach a spiritless doctrine of cowardice. . . . The idiotic and maniacal outpourings of such writers are destructive of all healthy and courageous thoughts and truth and strength of mind.

"There is no place on earth," says Colonel Vestal, "for the weak, unarmed, neutralized State. . . . The great desideratum is to have so much force available on the side of the majority, that the minority will not dare to appeal to arms. . . . War is not the supreme evil. The supreme evil is the habit of regarding war as the supreme evil. . . . War will be limited in the future in proportion as law-abiding men grasp the fact that it is a necessary instrument of government." Perhaps in this last statement is to be found the ultimate fallacy of the whole discussion. Does not the whole trouble lie in the conception of the kind of government involved? Perhaps the whole theory of government is in need of a thorough-going revision.

Colonel Vestal has given us a volume which all thoughtful people should read for instruction, and if need be differ from intelligently. Before the great war, and especially before the great peace, such a discussion as this from the pen of an American would have been almost unthinkable—and yet who can deny that the war and the peace have made it possible that after all Colonel Vestal may be right!

CHARLES P. FAGNANI.

THE MUCH PROMISED LAND.

IT was not until 1897 that the immemorial political aspirations of the Jews took form, under the leadership of Dr. Herzl, in the Zionist movement. The San Remo conference brought the first phase of this movement to a close by establishing at last a "Jewish National Home" in Palestine; and Mr. Lloyd George is credited with the unctuous pronouncement that Palestine is the one bright spot in the world to-day. According to Mr. Zangwill in "The Voice of Jerusalem" it is almost the very opposite; the present solution of the Jewish problem he regards as wellnigh fatally inadequate. England's Palestinian mandate serves, he says, a two-fold purpose. It was a sop for Jewish loyalty at a critical moment in the war, and incidentally it served to hide the machinations of British Imperialists for a new strategic buffer-State. The French, it appears, had contemplated a similar idealistic *coup* for the benefit of Jewry, nor were the Germans far behind, when England hastened to save the traditional rôle for herself. While Ireland, Egypt and India are restive under the Imperial rule, the Zionists have eagerly hastened to accept it; and though this may be an unavoidable necessity, Mr. Zangwill is awake to the limitations which, at the very outset, it imposes upon the hope of an autonomous Judea.

Lacking political autonomy, outnumbered by the Arabs, who, according to Mr. Zangwill, hold ninety-eight per cent of the soil, in the ratio of six or seven to one, the Jews again find themselves in their customary position

¹ "The Foundations of Domestic and International Peace, as deduced from a study of the History of Nations." C. S. Vestal. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$5.00.

² "The Voice of Jerusalem." Israel Zangwill. New York: The Macmillan Company. \$4.00.

of a minority surrounded by an inhospitable people with whom they merely share the British guarantee of religious and civil liberty. That the Jews have re-entered the Promised Land and have received Palestine as a free gift is one of those popular fallacies upon which present-day statesmen thrive, the fact being, as Mr. Zangwill points out, that Palestine is merely to receive the Jews. Under the circumstances, he contemplates the revival of a new Judea in Palestine with forebodings.

Despite the overwhelming historic appeal which Palestine must always exert over Jewry, Mr. Zangwill holds that locality may have to be sacrificed for autonomy in the achievement of a modern Judea. But there is little likelihood of the Jews procuring other lands suitable for the purpose; nor, were that feasible, is it probable that they could be induced to shift their hope from Jerusalem, which, by the weight of historic and religious tradition, is synonymous with the Promised Land. In a sense this fact reveals the largely nostalgic character of the Zionist enterprise. It is to be feared that, once established in Palestine, it may swing backward into an obscurantist orthodoxy. Always it will be necessary to overcome the tendency towards an intensified ritualistic life, drawing inspiration from the sanctified soil. Conceivably, a portion of the Diaspora will return to its homeland, surfeited with its own tragic history, to die rather than to live.

Mr. Zangwill's outlook is humanistic; he is unfailing in his sympathy for the Jewish cause. The new Judea that he contemplates is not only to serve in counteracting anti-Semitism and de-Judaization, it is to be a spiritual centre revivifying the life of the Jews throughout the Diaspora. It is to devote itself with the passion and fervour, the intellectual power and emotional warmth of the Hebraic nature, to the salvation of a world in chaos. Despite its insight and fervour, however, Mr. Zangwill's book lacks the continuity of a single, cumulative argument; and it is to Mr. Kallen's "Zionism and World Politics"¹ that we must turn for a careful historical survey of Zionism. With critical insight, Mr. Kallen traces the origin and basis of the movement, not only from the inner standpoint of Jewish psychology and ideology, but in relation to the social conditions under which Judaism has survived during its two thousand years of exile. The reader thus gains a connected and comprehensive picture of the enduring aspiration of Israel for the Promised Land; of the religious implications of this dream and its compensatory nature during centuries of darkness; of the restrictive, intensified life of Israel, and of its alien position under a feudal and Christian philosophy. The "Natural Rights" movement broke this spell. Under it, Judaism developed a disintegrating reform-movement: Jews sought emancipation by declaring themselves "Frenchmen or Germans or Englishmen of the Mosaic persuasion." Then, through the influence of the Mazzinian philosophy, a reawakened Judaism gradually asserted itself, and this movement gained force until to-day it has achieved its fullest development among the left-wing exponents of Zionism who wish to fuse the conceptions of a cultural, nationalistic autonomy with advanced theories of economic internationalism.

That the Palestinian enterprise is cradled in the lap of British Imperialism, is not as alarming to Mr. Kallen as it is to Mr. Zangwill. Indeed, Mr. Kallen relegates to a mere foot-note the damaging draft of the mandate for Palestine by which the Jews are again assured of their wholly indeterminate position, while Great Britain is to have "all the powers inherent in the government of a sovereign State," including those of using the man-power, facilities, and resources of the land for military purposes, and completely controlling foreign affairs."

The whole effect, so far as it concerns the Jews, is [says Mr. Kallen] permissive far more than directive. Everything regarding them comes ultimately to depend upon the good will of the administration, not upon compulsions of fundamental law. The inferences from this situation are obvious. The Arab riots in Jaffa on 7 May, 1921, are a commentary on

it; the latest exposition, in practically identical terms, by both Samuel and Churchill, of the meaning of the Balfour Declaration, limiting its scope, are a commentary on it. Both Jews and Arabs must beware; the Jews particularly.

This seems damaging enough, in all conscience, even when it is lost in a foot-note. Possibly, however, Mr. Kallen has resigned himself to the fact of an overshadowing imperialism in some form or other, and has decided, in pragmatic fashion, to extract results from the inevitable by thinking of something else.

But the difficulties of the situation come tumbling down upon us in a disheartening and formidable array. A new Judea contingent upon rapid colonization and an enormous financial backing that is utterly beyond the resources of the rank and file of Jewish men and women, established in a Palestine which is but a pawn in an imperialistic scheme of things; dependent upon an irrigation project which involves the good will of unsympathetic French financial interests to the north; faced by intricate land-questions, and wholly impracticable without the immediate and concerted action of the distraught Jewry of the world—the entire project seems hopelessly involved in conflicting and insoluble difficulties. Judea's hour has apparently not yet struck, and one can not escape the impression that the war has left the Jews everywhere impoverished in their status and deprived, as regards the "Promised Land," both of the dream and of the reality.

RODERICK SEIDENBERG.

UP FROM SLAVERY.

NEARLY half a century ago in England, Joseph Arch, a hedge-cutter, organized a union of agricultural labourers and successfully led a strike. Instead of being lynched or deported he became in the course of time a Member of Parliament. Such an event is almost unthinkable in the United States to-day, although in the States west of the Mississippi, where a few thousand casual labourers carry the red card of the I. W. W., organization and a new leadership of this class of labour are faintly predictable.

Generally speaking, we are fifty years behind the British in the power of labour-movements—a fact which is reiterated in Mr. F. E. Green's "History of the English Agricultural Labourer,"² with an emphasis that will startle anyone who is familiar with the temper and working-conditions of the American farm-hand. Joseph Arch's championship of the British hind, if it were emulated by an expert "budder" in the citrus district of Florida, would certainly cost this skilled field-worker his position, if not his life, and the following that he could muster would hardly outnumber a corporal's guard. This is not because the lot of our own agricultural labourers is so much happier than that of the English peasants in 1872. The best that a Negro worker can earn this season in Polk County, Florida, is nine dollars a week in fair weather, while a white worker does well at fifteen. As for organization, it is hardly dreamed of, except in the occasional nightmares of the local landlords; among the men themselves the idea is restricted to occasional loose talk, as a prelude to which the speaker looks behind the nearest tree and scans the horizon in order to assure himself that the field-boss is well out of hearing.

The mythical contrast between the liberty-loving American workingman and the servile labourer in the Old World, can not, in fact, survive the test of Mr. Green's history. Strikes in the Yakima Valley, let us say, have invariably failed, owing to sheer timidity and the inability to realize the power of organization, although these harvest-hands of the North-west are the most rebellious and "class-conscious" in the United States. On the other hand, Mr. Green tells how, in May, 1872, eighty farm-labourers, representing twenty-six English counties, met and formed under Joseph Arch's leadership, the National Agricultural Labourers' Union, and decided, at the first favourable opportunity, to call a strike for an increase of 33 1/3 per cent in day-wages and a nine-and-a-half hour

¹"Zionism and World Politics." Horace M. Kallen. Garden City; New York: Doubleday, Page & Co. \$3.50.

²"A History of the English Agricultural Labourer." F. E. Green. London: P. S. King and Son, Ltd.

day. In the course of the year, more than seventy thousand farm-workers had been enlisted, which, says Mr. Green, was really amazing,

when one considers not only their poverty, their chronic indebtedness to the village grocer, but also their position, which was akin to a subject race under employers and landlords who still exercised enormous powers as magistrates, as Poor Law guardians and as dispensers of charities.

The attitude and tactics of these landlords and employers in combating the union and the strike which the union called almost immediately after it was organized, parallel the best American tradition in these matters. Open-air meetings of workmen were prohibited on the ground that they obstructed the highways, strike-breakers were imported, and mounted police gave provocation that resulted in violence. But strange as it may seem, the strike was supported by public opinion in the cities, and it succeeded in raising wages from ten to thirty-three and one-third per cent.

This purely spontaneous organization of field-workers under the leadership of Joseph Arch was nursed through the long period of rural hard times by the Land Nationalization Society and the English Land Restoration League, which sent out missionaries from the cities on bicycles and in vans. The League worked to revive the unions and the Nationalization Society preached nationalization of the land. Thus the hope of bettering their condition was kept alive in the hearts of the landless farm-labourers by a courageous intelligentsia and by representatives of the growing trade-union movement, who also visited the rural districts bringing the gospel of labour-solidarity. In 1910, with an increase of prosperity for the farmer, there came a concomitant stiffening of the position of the farm-hands' union. The N. A. L. U. was revived on a large scale and affiliated with the Trade Union Congress. This alliance and the strategic strength that the war brought made it possible to increase the membership to nearly two hundred thousand, where it stood at the time Mr. Green's book was written.

This "History of the English Agricultural Labourer" is not the unredeemed sociological treatise that the title might suggest. It is richly freighted with facts and statistics, but they are presented vividly, humanly and warmed with imagination and feeling. Mr. Green writes as a champion of human dignity, as an inspired sociologist of the sort that we lost in the untimely death of Mr. Carleton Parker, and we are reminded again by the elaborate bibliography which he appends to his text of the poverty of our own literature in work of the sort that Mr. Parker gave us in "The Casual Labourer." Mr. Green can refer to more than fifty books, treating exclusively of village life or of the British farm-worker, many of them by men of world-wide reputation either as sociologists or as men of letters.

EDWARD TOWNSEND BOOTH.

SHORTER NOTICES

"ESSAYS in Freedom and Rebellion"¹ is a combination of two earlier volumes by Mr. H. W. Nevins, to which has been added a selection of essays that have appeared in the *London Nation* since the war. This is not merely the cream of Mr. Nevins' prose; it is in no small degree the cream of British journalism. A wide outlook, a reflective habit of mind, a rich allusiveness in expression—these are some of the qualities one finds in Mr. Nevins' work. Occasionally, he falls below his best level: thus the sketches of Mr. Clarkson of the Education Office are sometimes heavily facetious; but in essays like the sketch of George Meredith, Mr. Nevins' light has a steady flame which the intermittent sparkling of the younger essayists can not dim.

L. C. M.

THE laudable impulse which led Mr. Israel Zangwill to compose "The Cockpit"²—a three-act drama presenting a theme which is the exact antithesis of "The Melting-Pot"—is more or less at the mercy of popular preconceptions concerning war and peace and propaganda. One wonders whether the cause of peace is ever advanced in any appreciable degree by war-

narratives. At times, as one reads "The Cockpit," one forgets that Mr. Zangwill is preaching amity and the ploughshare; he seems to be having such an exciting time rattling the sword and manipulating the pomp and circumstance of glorious war. "The Cockpit" is such a drama as Mr. Charles Rann Kennedy writes—clogged with allegory and burdened with a sustained eloquence which cuts it off from reality.

L. B.

MR. HAMLIN'S "The Enjoyment of Architecture"³ deserves the new edition in which it now appears. His simple and aptly illustrated exposition can not fail to awaken in the mind of the layman an appreciation of the veritable museum and art-gallery that opens before him in the main streets of every great city; and with a finer public appreciation of architecture our designers, perhaps, will no longer languish in the archaeological vacuum in which, until recently, they were condemned to exist. While Mr. Hamlin's discussion of form, material and planning is excellent, there is one point which provokes disagreement. Mr. Hamlin is perhaps a little too ready to defend archaeological detail against the criticism of those who seek more functional modes which shall arise out of modern necessities of building, and accentuate what is peculiar and fine in modern civilization. To say that there are erratic forms of *l'art nouveau* is only to invite attention to the monstrosities of every period; but the impulse behind these new departures is not adequately disposed of by saying that the search for beauty is paramount to the search for style. Mr. Hamlin apparently does not discriminate between adapting a live tradition and copying a dead form. For the most part, however, his judgments are not merely safe but, in the best sense of the word, sound.

L. C. M.

A REVIEWER'S NOTEBOOK.

AN article in the February *Atlantic* opens with the remark that "the individuality which has always characterized New England is passing." The remark has been made before; it might almost have been made half a century ago. Forgotten are the days when the *Liberator* and the *Dial* were published in Boston, when a Connecticut farmer's boy could write the standard dictionary of the English-speaking peoples, when a Massachusetts inn-keeper's son could present the people of Holland with the classic history of their race, when a New Hampshire girl (as we were reminded the other day—I am thinking of Madame Bouguereau, that female Commodore Perry) could oblige the Paris art-schools to open their doors to women. New England impressed itself upon the world—even Renan had to reckon with the theology of Dr. Channing; and the story of its rise and fall, of the waxing and waning of all that intellectual and moral vigour, will long retain its interest—it has never been truly told. In 1900 Colonel Thomas Wentworth Higginson inquired of Mrs. Howe whether the Boston Authors' Club had "the intellectual resources for a Chaucer celebration." The only available "resource" appears to have been a certain editor of Shakespeare for schoolboys: "it would seem a risky enterprise," says Colonel Higginson. The shades of night had fallen fast over the American Athens. It was little to the point that Colonel Higginson himself was a descendant of Chaucer's sister.

COLONEL HIGGINSON'S "Letters and Journals"⁴ do not explain the decline of New England, but they certainly reflect it. On the third page of the book we find a note about Miss Sarah Palfrey who, "at the age of seventy-five, took morning spins around Fresh Pond on her tricycle." On page 339 we have a glimpse of Colonel Higginson himself wandering about the country-side collecting ferns and old chairs. That Miss Palfrey may have ridden her tricycle within the memory of living men, that Colonel Higginson himself was an active and energetic soul, does not affect the symbolism of the contrast: the first picture belongs to the heroic age, the second to the age of the potter. Between the two, as we read this book, we can fairly see the sands running out. In 1856 Colonel Higginson, as a radical abolitionist, went to Kansas, to take part in the struggle of the Free Soilers. "One learns in a

¹ "Essays in Freedom and Rebellion." H. W. Nevins. New Haven: Yale University Press. \$2.00.

² "The Cockpit." Israel Zangwill. New York: The Macmillan Company. \$1.50.

³ "The Enjoyment of Architecture." Talbot Faulkner Hamlin. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. \$3.00.

⁴ "Letters and Journals of Thomas Wentworth Higginson." Edited by Mary Thacher Higginson. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. \$4.00.

single day," he writes from the centre of operations, "more about Greeks and Romans and English Puritans and Scotch Jacobites and Hungarians and all heroic peoples, than any course of history can teach. The same process is producing the same results before your eyes, and, what is most striking, the same persons whom you saw a year ago in Boston, indolent and timid, are here transformed to heroes." Those were the days when respectable Americans regarded it as a "compliment" to be indicted, and would cheerfully undergo six imprisonments "for righteousness' sake" (p. 70). But no sooner was the war ended than the spiritual thermometer began to drop. In later life Colonel Higginson found a cause in the Woman's Suffrage movement—the difference in the temperature is perhaps justly indicated in the fact that when he went to England in 1872 he was apparently able to accept the statement of a friend that the "royal princesses" were "also" radical. New England's crowded hour, with all its heightened values, had even then grown dim.

Two entries early in the book tell the story. In 1857, Colonel Higginson, at that time a Unitarian minister, remarks: "The congregations are crowded as much as ever, though half the original ones are gone West." Shortly before this he writes to his mother: "For, as you must know, all statistics fail in the presence of Irish children." Nothing further is said on either topic, but the rest of the book is really a commentary on this displacement of vital forces. The old stock was to fade away, comparatively, as the Red Man had faded away before it; so that the world in which Colonel Higginson's career was to taper off was a twilight world indeed. His book opens on a very different scene. In those days when New England's spreading chestnut tree covered the land, and American authors had "Homes" about which other authors wrote essays for a filial multitude, and Emerson's lecture-fee was twenty dollars; then the West was a colony of the East, and the East, on the other hand, was less colonial than it is now. There is a passage in one of Lowell's letters (1878) that marks this latter change. "One thing seems clear to me," he says, "and that is that the Americans I remember fifty years ago had a consciousness of standing firmer on their own feet and in their own shoes than those of the newer generation." He adds, "The English press is provincializing us again." All this is reflected in Colonel Higginson's record. In the early pages our New Englander's window opens on a wide Western vista; but as time goes on we hear no more of Kansas and Michigan, or even of the Adirondacks. All we see, or seem to see, is a New England that has returned upon itself and looks back across the Atlantic. "Thus," as Colonel Higginson remarks in a somewhat appropriate connexion, "thus does gracious Queen Anne resume us under her sway."

Of the heroic age, to be sure, we get but a mild picture in these pages. Colonel Higginson came too late for that; and perhaps there was too little of the intense in his own composition. We get rather an impression of the completeness, the homogeneity of that old New England society, with its common faith, its common discipline, its capital city, its colleges, its meagrely adequate provision for most human desires. If you wanted a water-cure, for instance, you went to Brattleboro; if you wanted to "break all links of habit," you were not obliged to go to the South Seas—the Isles of Shoals were there, and remote enough. But perhaps if the general picture is so low in tone, it is because the achievements of old New England were isolated achievements—the current that ran through the country heightened the individual life without greatly affecting the life of the community. One recalls Charles Francis Adams's description of the Boston society of his youth: "It was a boy and girl institution, the outgrowth of ten generations of colonial and provincial life, about as senseless, unmeaning and frivolous as could by any possibility be imagined. It was a Sammy and Billy, a Sallie and Millie affair; very pleasant and jolly for young people; but, so far as the world and its

ways are concerned, little more than a big village development." Similarly Colonel Higginson writes in 1845: "There are so seldom gatherings of intellectual people here, too, in this Athens of America. We are in a forlorn state hereabouts, I think, in more ways than one." The social matrix, in short, was always thin and poor. The difference between the earlier and the later phase lies simply in the fact that New England had ceased to produce vigorous individualities.

THE effect, at any rate, is of a sudden and very steep descent. In the rôle of an Aspasia, Margaret Fuller's limitations were sufficiently marked. But what shall we say of Julia Ward Howe, propounding, apropos of the new-born son of her neighbour, the Turkish Minister, Blaque Bey, the riddle: "Can a baby a Bey be?"

Mrs. Howe was very gay [writes Colonel Higginson] and sang her saucy song of 'O' So-ci-e-ty,' which is so irreverent to Beacon Street that I wondered how the A's could remain in the field.

Again:

Dr. Howe is evidently dying; I don't know how it will affect Mrs. H's life . . . Generally she feels about her editorials as if she were a pair of tongs that could not quite reach the fire. This she said to me and it well describes them.

Indeed it well describes most of the personalities who flit through the pages of this book. It is a panorama of a debilitated world, or perhaps we should say only a very simple, unconscious world; however that may be, it is a sad revelation of the fount of American culture. "When I think," says Colonel Higginson, "that Richard Greenough (a most cultivated, gentle, and agreeable sculptor) told me the other day that Hawthorne was a man of talent, but had not the faintest conception of literary art, I see how far we are from any standard of criticism and how little people's opinions are worth." But Colonel Higginson himself, who was the editor of Emily Dickinson's poems, seems not to have set any particular store by that remarkable genius; in all this book he refers to her only three times, and most perfunctorily, as if he had never for a moment realized the immeasurable gulf between her and her commonplace contemporaries. In his life of Whittier, we are told, Colonel Higginson remarks, apropos of certain unlovely traits of his hero: "It is needless to explore these little divergences of the saints." We can see there how faint was the pulse of this New England criticism. *These little divergences*—the divergences of Emily Dickinson, for example! It is in them that the whole interest of literature lies.

EDWARD EVERETT HALE'S son and biographer once observed of his father that in all probability no great demand had ever been made upon him—"it can rarely have cost him very much effort to do whatever in print was done by those around him, and to do it better than most." That is a lame explanation, but it sufficiently describes these amiable New Englanders of the last age and the pathos of their position. A note of Colonel Higginson's expands the point:

Miss Cushman delightful in evening at H.H.'s room—talking of George Sand, about whom she is enthusiastic, and of the difference between American and English audiences as to applause. Jefferson acted so much better in England because more called out; she told him so and he admitted. Even an English auditor goes to be amused—a Frenchman to take part in the play—he knows he is essential [assister].

The American audience can not be expected to "assist"; but perhaps if it had merely come to be amused these writers of the New England decadence would have lived to better purpose. Certainly they could not have been less "called out" than they were.

THE Reviewer recommends the following recent books to the notice of readers of the *Freeman*:

"The Book of Masks," by Remy de Gourmont. Translated by Jack Lewis. Boston: John W. Luce and Co. \$2.00.

"Tradition and Progress," by Gilbert Murray. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. \$3.00.

"Twenty-Four Portraits," by William Rothenstein. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. \$7.50.

Olla podrida

"Fed up on blah."

I HAVE been reading the *Freeman* off and on ever since you started publication and have found it decidedly stimulating to a mind fed up on the daily blah of the newspapers.

I like the idea of "the higher rotarianism," as you term it in the 21 December number, and hope the idea will be carried out and a *Freeman* club established in every town and hamlet in this dreary intellectual waste. This doughy mass surely needs the leaven of your stimulating comment and criticism.

May the good work go on.
Chicago, Ill. C. T. L.

A rare clergyman.

ENCLOSED find money for 26 weeks of the *Freeman* to begin when the present subscription expires. I can not comply with the requirements of this mere form without again expressing my great appreciation of your splendid journal. Its fearlessness; its honesty, its literary excellence and all else that goes to make a first-class, high-class journal—I am half way thro' my 80th year and am supposed to be a retired clergyman but I am not as I preach nearly every Sunday, and they don't get any mouldy old platitudes either due partly to the fact that I read the *Freeman*.

Guelph, Ont. W. M.

He makes his copy work.

THE *Freeman* grows better every week, or at least, we are growing to it. I leave my copy at the Library here in _____, then get it later and save it or pass it along to some one else. The *Freeman* takes the place of *Puck* and *Judge* and *Life* and all the rest for humour—I have several good laughs at each reading. Each copy is, of course, away ahead of me, which makes me reach out for more.

E. C. D.

Newton Center, Mass.

And his name's Anglo-Saxon.

YOUR paper is stimulating, grammatical, and often irritating. And, good Lord, how badly this country, exploited by quacks, reformers and optimists, needs your sane and radical attention!

New York City. T. R. C.

Modern navalism.

WE enjoy your paper immensely, and consider it the most interesting and stimulating of any magazine that has appeared in this country during our time.

Mare Island, Cal. O. G. R.

Generous comment.

IN response to the usual urge to make a resolution at this time of the year, my first thought is to make sure that my subscription to the *Freeman* does not expire and allow a break in my files of the one periodical in my list to whose arrival I look forward the most eagerly. I therefore enclose my check with the feeling that for such expenditure I am getting more real value than it has ever been my good fortune to receive heretofore.

Rock Rapids, Ia. J. E. N.

TO-DAY we print a few letters from new and old readers. The *FREEMAN* ends its second year and its fourth volume with this number, and it seems fitting that we celebrate the anniversary by letting our subscribers make the speeches.

THE *FREEMAN* is proud of its past—its 104 pasts, to be exact—but its pride is like that of one who, having inherited good blood, believes that to be worthy of it he must keep the strain pure. So we salute the four volumes that have gone before and invite our loyal and appreciative friends to accompany us on our adventure into the third year, and to stay with us only as long as we continue our loyalty to the ideals and practice which they have approved.

THE *FREEMAN* has never asked support for any reason but its intrinsic merit: if and when the savour that assembled our phalanx of literary gourmets departs, we expect you to depart, too. We think we may promise, however, that the *FREEMAN* will continue to be the lively, interesting, intelligent journal that made a nation's jaded readers "sit up and take notice." Not only does increase of appetite grow by what it feeds on, but resources are often augmented by giving.

Price of the *FREEMAN*: In the United States, postpaid, 52 issues, \$6.00; 26 issues, \$3.00; 10 issues, \$1.00. In Canada, 52 issues, \$6.50; 26 issues, \$3.25; 10 issues, \$1.00. In other foreign countries, 52 issues, \$7.00; 26 issues, \$3.50; 10 issues, \$1.00.

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—and more of it.

Not so very conservative.

IT catches an old man with a big family at an inconvenient time, but I think I can manage to spare a cheque for \$5, which I enclose and for which I will be pleased to receive the *Freeman* for as long a time as the sum sent will pay for. I am a conservative of the conservatives, over a half-century in the editorial work and for almost forty-one years editor of the _____, but I read [five magazines] and have room on my table for the *Freeman*.

Altoona, Pa. W. H. S.

Greater Troy.

I AM much impressed with your paper and am inclined to think I like it even better than _____. I have already brought it to the attention of several local people, and will continue to do so.

Troy, N. Y. H. M. D.

We plead guilty.

I TAKE a dozen papers and magazines, and there is none of these that I read with the eagerness and relish that I do the *Freeman*. In the few years of my observation, I have never noted any other agency as powerful as your editorials in making for a sane radicalism. Most things occur to you from a week to a possible lifetime ahead of your contemporaries, but has it occurred to you that you are in a fair way to make radicalism respectable—this being, in this country at least, about the only way it can ever be powerful. At that, I do not think you are guilty of radicalism nearly so much as you are of common sense.

Larkins, Fla. H. W. D.

A buttered toast.

KINDLY extend incomparable *Freeman* subscription six months. Almost from its initial issue I have welcomed its coming. The fact that it easily gains access to an intellectual element never before even considered accessible, should and does, more than double its value in the estimation of, at least, one of the utterly obscure.

Was it Herbert Spencer who said he had given up the thought of mankind—in the mass—ever being governed by reason? Well, certainly, I agree, but can that apply to their leaders and teachers? You, it seems, are engaged in the herculean task of teaching the people's teachers. And as such success and long-life to you; may your present enthusiasm never wane nor your reason become clouded.

Yankton, S. D. A. M. S.

False suspicion of solemnity.

I GAVE up the *Freeman* at the end of the first year because I thought it was developing into that solemnity of complete asininity which is so well done by the _____ and the _____ and all our hardy little log-rollers. But the other day, in the business of chucking away a lot of accumulated periodicals, which I had more or less faithfully paid for and had not read, I came across some numbers that I liked. Therefore I shall buy six dollars' worth and I enclose you a cheque.

Bayside, N. Y. S. C.

